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"I remember passing through here once and seeing this place," Vic said, as they paused to look at the entrance.

A WEEK-END IS NOT ENOUGH

THEY sat at a table for two tucked beneath a window, a handsome young couple, the girl particularly young and honey-blond; the man dark, serious, somewhat older. They were obviously very fond of each other. Honeymooners, the other diners speculated.

They appreciated the table the waiter had chosen for them; off to one side by a window, it set them apart as if they were special people, not to be disturbed. They were, they had decided once and for all on the drive down.

Even the weather was on their side, and it promised to hold out for the week-end. Earlier in the week Lucy had wondered what they would do if it should rain on Friday. But she knew it wouldn't rain really, the weather would have to hold out for them.

"Pretty nice," Vic said. It was hard to tell whether he meant her or the room. Both, Lucy supposed, meeting his look. How warmly blue his eyes were now. "We've had luck all the way," he said. She sat smiling, feeling no need to answer.

"We should have arrived at Alice's by now," he surmised.

She glanced at her watch. "We couldn't have yet. It was seventy-five more miles."

He was amused at her reply. He leaned across the table, lowering his voice. "Aren't you glad we're not at Alice's?"

"Of course I'm glad," she responded. But she wished he had not said that, as if they had put over a clever trick. It was true that they had. No one knew they were here. It had upset her to tell her mother they were going to Vic's sister Alice's for the week-end when all the time she knew they were coming to some place like this.

But she had deliberately put the feeling aside as she packed her bag. Don't make an issue of it, she told Vic silently with her thoughts, don't make it important. It was I who had to lie, not you.

The waiter came and took their order for dinner. Vic chose with particular attention to what she liked, asking her approval, ordering the same for both of them.

When the waiter left, Lucy glanced out the window. The sun was slipping behind the faded trees. There was a sadness over the landscape, and in some transient way it touched Lucy. She turned quickly from the window, shutting it away.

She saw Vic's profile against the fading light. He leaned on his hand, musing contentedly; the restless energy that usually beset him was gone. His pose seemed to say that he was where he wanted to be and that things were very much to his liking. Everything is really wonderful, she thought reassuringly.

She felt chosen and essential then, and far removed from the other people in the

room; nothing could break into the magic circle flung about the two of them. They were caught together as if their lives were strung on a single thread. The past weeks she had been very much aware of this single thread drawing them along, and that one end of it seemed to be attached to a point they must sooner or later reach.

The point was still not clear; only this afternoon, after they had left the city behind and driven out into the open country, had it begun to take definite shape; now at dinner it was faint, but only so faint that she felt it rather than saw it becoming quite plain.

And she wondered suddenly if it were the right point after all.

Last Monday night, walking home from the pictures in the warm darkness, Vic had suddenly said, "The weather's under my skin, Lucy. Let's do something about it."

She had wondered when he was going to ask her to marry him. Although he had not professed to be in love in so many words, she was sure he was. What else could it be with the devotion he had shown in the past eight months?

Vic was nine years older than herself, and sometimes she was baffled by the knowledge he had that she did not possess, the experience that lay in his years, and the easy assurance with which he took things in his stride. He often made her feel absurdly young for her twenty-one years; but at the same time she was flattered that a man like him should be charmed by her.

"What shall we do?" she said eagerly.

"Let's drive somewhere this week-end," he said impulsively. "Get out in the country where we can breathe."

She felt as if he were handing her the challenge of his experience, asking her to partake of it, yet she was not sure of what it consisted.

"Wouldn't you like to?" he asked when she did not answer at once. "Get away from everything, get off somewhere where we don't know anyone. It would be fun."

He was watching her closely. She murmured quickly, "It would be fun," and after that she wanted to go if only to be with him.

There had been only one moment that had nettled her since they started, and it had belonged entirely to her. They had been driving for some two hours when Vic spied the sign of the Golden Horn Inn on the edge of a quiet town. He slowed the car, brought it to a stop. They got out and walked to the front of the inn. There was a small garden spreading towards the back. Two enormous lacy elms, turned yellow, protected the inn from the street.

"Like it?" Vic asked as if he had chosen the place beforehand.

Lucy had glanced at him questioning. The very finding of the place was to be part of the adventure.

*Please turn to
page 4.*

By RUTH WOLFF

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A Week-end is Not Enough

Continued from page 3

AS if realising her unspoken question, Vic said: "I remember coming through here once and seeing it. I always thought I'd like to come back and try it."

It was all right then. She liked the inn. It was just the sort of place she had hoped they would find. She went back to the car while Vic went in to see about the rooms. When he came back she saw at once that he had not been successful.

"Only one room." He hesitated, and something inside her began to rush madly so that she felt the color of it flushing into her face. It was this moment she had wondered about from the very time he had suggested the trip. Vic was standing there as if he hoped she would say one room would do. "Too bad," she said. "It's such a lovely place, too."

She saw by his face that she had disappointed him. But as he started round to get into the car, the proprietor came out, beckoning to him.

Lucy, watching them, wondered if she hadn't taken a role she was not cut out for, if she had accepted a part she didn't really want to play.

Then Vic came running back to the car, happy again, smiling broadly. It turned out that if they could wait until eight o'clock there would be another vacancy on the same floor.

They left the bags in the car and went in to dinner. There were not too many people. The cosiness of the room began at once to envelop them, and everything else was shut away.

The waiter brought the steaming soup in blue bowls. Vic took up his spoon.

"That proprietor certainly fell for my story," he said.

She glanced up. "What story?"

"I told him we'd been driving all day, and were too tired to go on to-night."

"Oh." Slowly she took up a spoonful of soup. It was delicious. Yet a moment after she swallowed the spoonful there was a faint turning of the flavor in her mouth. "What will you tell him to-morrow when we stay?"

He laughed. "That we like the place. We have a right to change our minds, haven't we?"

"Yes," she said, and let it pass. But it did not pass. It began to linger, and the really excellent soup could not drown it because it seemed to lack some one vital ingredient.

Vic pushed aside the empty blue bowl. "That was a good starter. Do you know, I'm hungry!"

How very good-looking he was when he was pleased, Lucy thought. She sat completely taken in by him, conscious at the same time of his confidence, as if life were on his side and he had nothing to worry about.

So many little things bothered her, as though she had not yet arrived on the highway. With Vic she walked with more reliable steps; his confidence was contagious, and she caught it each time she was with him.

"You know, Lucy—" Vic began, then paused.

She moved her head and saw that he was watching her.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I'd like to bet," he said, "that this is the first time you've gone away like this."

He was teasing her, she knew, yet his words cut through her cruelly. Unable to speak, she nodded. She was thankful for the waiter who came clearing off the soup bowls, bringing the grills.

What is it? she asked herself, as the waiter bent in front of her, shutting Vic out. What is happening?

In such a short space of time, since the moment she had first looked out the window at the fading afternoon and the arrival of the steaks, something was beginning to go wrong.

Vic talked brightly and easily, as if he would put her at her ease too. But as she listened, Lucy began not to hear distinctly. Only the sound of his voice came to her, not the words.

It came to her so simply that she was not shocked. In the relaxed easy sound of his voice she began to know what was troubling her. She had thought it would be wonderful to be away with Vic, but it was not what she wanted at all. It was not enough for her. But, his voice said, it was enough for him.

That which had baffled her about him grew clear. His very ease gave him away. This was not something new for him as it had been for her. It had happened to him before; and now, she thought frantically, it might happen to him again without her. The room suddenly became too warm.

VIC interrupted his story and said, "What's the matter?" his voice impatient, as if he were annoyed to discover her thoughts had strayed. She shook her head. "Nothing." She cut into her steak again. "I just felt too warm. The soup must have made me hot. I'll be all right." She busied herself with eating.

Vic took up his story again, and she saw how far apart they were becoming. She was hot and cold, and he sat there with a steady, even temperature, telling his story while she pretended to listen.

They had finished their dessert and were sitting over their coffee when she told him. It was time to go out and check on the rooms, and she knew she could not put it off any longer.

She mustered what courage she could. "Vic—"

"Yes?" He sat stirring his coffee. She watched his spoon circling the cup.

"Would you mind very much going up to Alice's for the week-end?"

He was so unprepared for her question that he did not realise its content. He glanced at her sharply. "To Alice's?"

It was going to be difficult. But there had been no way to prepare him. She had drifted away until he had no idea where her thoughts were.

"I wish—" she stammered. "I thought you could go on up to

Alice's and your week-end wouldn't be spoiled altogether."

"And what in heaven's name are you going to do?"

She said it as quickly as she could. "I'm going home, Vic."

She knew what it sounded like: Sixteen, frightened, silly, school-girlish. But she was none of the things she sounded like. For the first time she saw everything clearly.

"Going home!" he exploded. She nodded.

"Have you lost your mind, Lucy?"

"No." She turned to the window. It was night. "I know what you must be thinking," she said slowly. "That I'm acting like a schoolgirl."

She faced him, her wide-apart grey eyes serious. "But I've just now grown up, Vic."

He had no idea what she was talking about and he began floundering around hunting for a clue. "Lucy, have I said something, have I done anything—"

She shook her head. "It's just me."

His mouth became firm. "Do you mean that all this time I was sitting here talking to you, you weren't listening, that all the while something was working in your head?"

She nodded.

He pushed his coffee cup roughly away from him. "It's about as clear as mud."

"I don't know how to explain," she said helplessly.

He faced her accusingly. "You mean you want to run out on me—go home?"

She saw the anger come into his face, the surprise swallowed by the anger, and she became frightened at what she was doing because she knew she was going to lose him. But she knew, also, that she would lose him if she stayed. It would only take longer. That knowledge had frightened her more.

"I should never have come," she confessed.

He slapped his napkin on the table. "I thought you wanted to come," he said. "I'd no idea what was going on in your head. If you keep your thoughts shut up like that, how can I?"

"I'm sorry," Lucy said weakly. "I don't expect you to forgive me either." She looked at him a long moment as if she didn't expect to see him again. "Do you mind if we go now?" Outside she stopped short. "Why don't you go on up to Alice's? I can take a bus," she told him.

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RIVETS



The Stinker and the Delink

By VICTOR ULLMAN

WHEN Mrs. O'Leary brought a new kid into the boys' dormitory, the monotony of the afternoon was dissipated. The fellows turned from the windows to look, and the dice game at Fats' cot ended suddenly.

Jimmie looked up from his comic book without much interest. He saw that the kid was just another "stinker" who would stay in the Children's Shelter only a few days, until reluctant relatives or the orphanage claimed him.

He looked about seven or eight, but was so skinny he might be older.

"Now, boys," Mrs. O'Leary said hopelessly, "this is Dave, come to stay with us. I want you to leave him alone."

There was resignation in her voice, as though this was something she had to say. She knew what would happen the moment the door closed behind her.

Fats and some of his "delinks" advanced towards Mrs. O'Leary and the kid, smiling and nudging one another. A new stinker on a dull afternoon was a welcome diversion for the delinquents.

"We'll take awful good care of him, Mrs. O'Leary," Fats said sweetly. It brought a flush of helpless rage to the matron's plump face.

"Fats, I'm warnin' ye," she exploded. "Ye're an incorrigible devil an' will be till the Lord takes ye. Leave the poor boy alone. He has had a bad time. His aunt kicked him into the street."

"My, my, ain't that terrible?" Fats said, and turned to wink to the other delinks. There was strangled laughter as they shuffled up closer. Fats always put on a good show.

Jimmie watched, his unblinking blue eyes flicking over the group near the door. He had lived with an aunt, too. But she didn't kick

him out. She just never paid any attention to him. He examined the kid with faint interest. He realised this stinker wasn't even bawling.

Usually they came in streaming tears, and they cowered against Mrs. O'Leary while their frightened eyes darted all round. This Dave was scared, but he wasn't crying. He just shook.

He stood up straight alongside Mrs. O'Leary, and his eyes were wide open and tearless. But his teeth hit one another and every once in a while his shoulders would draw up and he'd shudder with a quick intake of breath.

He reminded Jimmie of a puppy he had found in a gutter once, crowded up against the kerbstone, shaking and whimpering, as the automobile wheels ran close to him. But he snarled when Jimmie picked him up out of the gutter. He was paralysed by fright, but he snarled.

Mrs. O'Leary sighed and patted the boy's head.

"You tell me if anybody bothers you, Davey," she said hopelessly again. She knew, and everybody in the Shelter knew, that a stinker who told might just as well be moved out before he was carried out.

She hesitated at the door, but gave up and left. Fats didn't move. He waved the other delinks back. He knew Mrs. O'Leary would listen at the door, and if she heard any fuss would slam back into the dormitory with a broom handle for all the delinks she could reach.

"We wanna make you happy here like the probation officers say," Fats announced loudly, for Mrs. O'Leary's benefit. "Whyncha come here an' meet the fellers? They'll love ya like a brother."



Jimmie stared at them, not even glancing at the figure in the bed.

the same spot Mrs. O'Leary had left him. He stared at them with his big eyes wide open, and not a tear in them. But he shivered and his tiny fists were clenched at the end of the sleeves of his torn blue sweater.

Usually the stinkers pulled back and tried to climb the door when the delinks started on them, but this one stood right up to them, scared as he was.

Fats gave the signal. "All right, stinker. Shell out." He held out his hand.

The kid looked at him wondering, his teeth still chattering.

"Doncha understand English?" Fats asked him, getting annoyed now. "I told ya to give."

The kid flinched away from the menacing hand, but he still said nothing. Nor did he cry. Fats cursed him and brought his right hand around and caught the back of his neck. The kid gasped and suddenly there were two big tears in his eyes. He bit his lips and his puny fists started to rake at Fats. He squirmed under the painful hold and looked like a kitten choking on the end of a string.

Fats laughed and waved the others on. It was over in a minute. They swarmed over the kid and trampled him down. Fats emptied his pockets then kicked him in the side.

"Ya don't say nothin' to the matron, get that," he warned.

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It brought another laugh. Dark little Joey minced forward, holding out a hand to greet the kid. Joey, who cursed better than anybody in the dormitory, and tall, lanky Creep were Fats' particular friends.

There were a half dozen other delinks in the group and a couple of stinkers who were allowed to join the gang because they did things for Fats. They had the privilege of beating up the other stinkers, too.

"Come inter the parlor," Joey invited.

But the kid was wise. Jimmie could see that. He stood planted in



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Poison in the House

By . . .
A. E. MARTIN

STEVE GARVIE rose from his chair as Ben Lake and the girl entered the kitchen. "Darling," he cried, "there's been some terrible misunderstanding."

"Miss Steen . . ." Detective Sweetacre began, but Garvie hastened to correct him.

"Mrs. Garvie," he said, watching the girl, and smiling faintly.

Sweetacre went on imperturbably: "I want you to tell Mr. Garvie exactly who you are."

"She's my wife," Garvie said. "Tell him," Sweetacre insisted.

She said, speaking slowly, almost in a whisper, avoiding Garvie's eyes, "I'm sorry, Steve. I married you under false pretences. I'm not Vashiti Steen. My name's Vicki Steen. No . . . not even Steen, really. Vashiti and I were stage sisters only."

She hesitated, waiting for him to speak, then stammered on, "I'm no relation to . . . to Ref Steen," and, lifting her eyes, saw the dawning incredulity in his and watched it grow to utter and angry amazement.

Spellman added his confession. "I'm no solicitor. I'm Sam Spellman, novelty dancer. On the boards we are Sammy Spellman and the Steen Sisters."

Garvie ignored him. "You tricked me," he blazed at Vicki. "You lied to me."

"Steve . . ." She made a little, pleading gesture. "I was going to tell you the minute we were married. I didn't think it mattered."

"Mattered!" He laughed bitterly.

"Well, well, what's done can't be undone," Sweetacre interposed calmly.

"Can't it?" Garvie was furious. "When this mess is sorted out, we'll soon see about that. The divorce will be even quicker than the marriage. I can assure you . . . and not so secret by a long way!"

Spellman took a menacing step towards him, but from where he had seated himself the taciturn Detective Prisk, still puffing complacently at his pipe, thrust out a restraining leg, making an effective barricade, and the comedian, muttering, put his arm about Vicki.

"Don't cry, kid," he said. But she wasn't crying. With closed eyes she was seeing Silvanella set far back on an immense stage and softened by intervening curtain after curtain of gauze. The gauzes lifted one by one, bringing a dream into clearer perspective till, at last the transformation was complete.

Silvanella had gone, and there was a blinding glare shedding itself on a horrid kitchen with a poisoned corpse, and, instead of a fairy prince . . . She opened her eyes with an effort and found herself staring straight at Ben Lake. He smiled encouragingly.

She turned to Detective Sweetacre and said, tonelessly, "Will you ask my husband about the sleeping draught he gave me?"

Garvie's head shot up. "What sleeping draught?"

She said steadily as one making a statement forced from her, "He gave me a draught for Mr. Steen . . . to put in his cordial so he wouldn't wake . . . so that I would be able . . . to . . ." Her voice faltered.

"I?" Garvie cried. "I gave you nothing. Her eyes were on him. 'Nothing at all,' he almost shouted,

and looked round at the semi-circle of staring faces. "What is this? Are you . . . is she trying to tie the murder of the old fool on me?"

Vicki suddenly turned from him and hid her face against Spellman's coat. Spellman said, "If it means anything to anybody, I overheard him planning how she should get away from here and come back . . ."

"Liar!" Garvie flung at him, his face white.

Spellman shrugged. "My word's as good as yours."

"I tell you I gave her nothing," Garvie shouted at Sweetacre. "If she poisoned Steen she got the stuff somewhere else."

Sweetacre said quietly, "Holper saw her through the window. He says she put something in his cup and burnt the paper."

"Well," Garvie said with sarcasm. "She was thorough."

Vicki looked up, but she avoided Garvie as she avoided the corpse in the chair. She was feeling for the pocket in her dress, and presently she withdrew her hand.

"Mr. Sweetacre," she said, and her voice was now hard and clear. "Holper spoke the truth as he knew it. I was going to put the stuff in Mr. Steen's cup. I almost did, and then at the last minute I didn't. I don't know why. I certainly didn't think it was poison. I think I remembered how Mr. Steen snored."

She smiled wanly and went on: "Perhaps beneath it all I was frightened. Anyway, here it is."

She held out her hand, and Mr. Sweetacre took the small phial gravely and let it rest on the palm of his hand.

"The paper Holper saw me burn was the tissue Mr. Garvie had wrapped it in," Vicki went on. "It had no significance. Burning it was purely mechanical. Jedidah likes to have a tidy kitchen."

Ben broke in excitedly: "Then the drink didn't poison him. She didn't put it in."

Mr. Sweetacre sniffed at the phial. He grunted. "It's harmless," he said, and nudged the spuriously somnolent Prisk with his knee. He regarded Garvie disapprovingly. "It were not worth a lie, nor the aggravating of the lass, young man. Take your sleeping draught."

Antonishment swept over Garvie's face as he took the phial. He grinned sheepishly.

"I was in a tight corner," he said with a forced laugh and looked at Vicki. "I suppose you can hardly forgive me." No one spoke, and he looked about him uneasily.

"You had me all of a dither . . . keeping me out there in the storm, making me sit here watching a dead man, knowing how she'd hated him. I was not to know she hadn't . . . in a fit of rage, or . . ." His voice trailed off, but no one spoke and he cried, desperately: "A man's got to fight for himself."

Spellman went over to the stove and spat with slow deliberation. Sweetacre said, quietly: "You can take the draught yourself, Mr. Garvie. After all this excitement you'll need it."

"Nonsense," Garvie said with an effort at lightness. "I'll sleep like a top." With his foot he flicked



"That box! What did it cost?" Ben Lake gasped, staring in fascinated horror at the picture on the lid.

open the door of the furnace and made a move to throw the phial in.

"The stuff's caused enough trouble," he began and then Prisk, without leaving his chair kicked him hard on the ankle. Garvie let out a cry of pain and the phial dropped from his hand. Prisk cleverly caught it as it fell, and put it in his pocket without comment.

Sweetacre chuckled. "Doubtin' Tammas! He'll be having it analysed I shouldn't wonder."

Garvie, rubbing one ankle against the other, was making threats and expostulations, while Prisk, his head on the back of his chair in grotesque parody of the dead, smoked solemnly, unmoved by the spate of impotent fury.

Sweetacre said suavely, "I suggest we move Mr. Steen somewhere less conspicuous."

"There's Jedidah's room across the passage," Vicki said quickly.

"Nice and convenient," the little

the contents had been poisoned before some innocent person made 'em up."

"True."

"And walk carefully outside there," Sweetacre counselled. "I'm beginning to think Pelvernon's unhealthy."

A pale moon was accentuating the flight of clouds in belated pursuit of the storm, and, unlocking and closing the front door after him, Ben kept discreetly to the shadows under the pines.

From the angle of the house he could see no one between him and the stables, but, when he peered cautiously round the corner, he

started back. Someone was crouching low beneath the kitchen window. Retracing his steps, he hurried around the front of the house and crept silently to the opposite corner.

The watcher's back was now towards him, and, telling himself that this time there would be no mistake, he leapt and pinioned two arms, and, for the second time that night, was fighting with a skirted fury.

But now he had every advantage, and, urging her from behind with a discourteous knee, propelled her unceremoniously into the kitchen.

"It's Nora Kaye," he said, panting. "She was in this room earlier to-night."

"That's a lie," Nora shouted at him. Her face was red and furious, her hair in mad disarray, and her skirt clinging wet. Mr. Sweetacre politely pushed a chair in her direction, but she had caught sight of Garvie, "Steve," she cried, "what are you doing here?"

"It's a long story, Nora," he began, but Sweetacre interrupted.

"Miss Kaye," he said. "Ref Steen is dead. He was poisoned, we believe, by a sandwich taken from one of the plates you see on the table. You were observed leaving this room earlier to-night . . . after the sandwiches had been cut by Jedidah. The inference is obvious."

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man agreed. "Would you bear a hand, Ben?"

When they had set Steen on Jedidah's bed and covered him with her sheet, Sweetacre looked about the room curiously. There was a chair beside the bed, and upon it a plate with two sandwiches. He looked at Ben shrewdly.

"Everybody's been very kind to everybody," he said, cryptically. When he left the room he locked the door after him, and said to Ben: "Might be as well if you looked in at the stables and see how friend Gorrik is getting on."

As the young policeman was moving towards the kitchen, he added: "Go by the front door. If Mr. Pete's awake, lock him in the stable and report back." With head cocked, he inquired, "You're not overlooking the fact that the Gorrik laddie might have had a hand in dopping the sandwiches?"

"You think they're poisoned?"

"Lad," Mr. Sweetacre said, earnestly, "I wouldn't eat one if I was starving on a raft at sea."

"But I found Gorrik unconscious."

"We don't know exactly when the sandwiches were cut; nor whether

"You've only the copper's word I was here," she cried, "and if you mean I poisoned the sandwiches you're crazy. Why should I poison Ref Steen?"

"I'm not saying it was you," Sweetacre said. "But somebody did and you have behaved strangely."

"I could say something about that," she flared with a meaning glance at Ben Lake. Then she turned to glare at the little man. "Who are you, anyway?"

He bowed slightly. "Detective Sweetacre, of Sydney. This other gentleman is my colleague, Detective Prisk."

"Charmed," Prisk said dryly.

Nora shot a swift, uneasy glance at Steve Garvie. Then she said: "If Ref Steen was poisoned I can give you a good lead who did it. I've already told Steve."

Garvie's face lightened. "That's right," he exclaimed. "Now I remember."

"Don't tell them anything or they'll say we made it up," Nora flashed. She whirled on Sweetacre. "Ask us separately and see if we don't tell the same story."

"That's fair enough," the little man said. "You heard, Tammy? And Sergeant Lake? It was a fair offer. We have it on record. So I think you can save time and tell us now, Miss Kaye."

She told them how she had come out to Pelvernon curious to see Vashiti Steen, how she had hidden in the pantry, and seen Pete Gorrik furtively emptying something from a jar marked "poison" into a bottle. "And I'll tell you something else," she hurried on. "Pete Gorrik and Holper were at Dandaloo one night recently. They bought poison from the pharmacy. You can ask Charlie Bates."

"How would you know? You and Mr. Bates?" Sweetacre asked.

"Because," she said with a defiant glance at Vicki, "Charlie was making love to me behind the church, and we heard them."

Please turn to page 37

No fairy tale about this

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It was a sublime moment, the crisis of the whole play. Then Elsa's voice cried feverishly, "Ronnie!"

MR. K. RALEIGH HENDON was about the only one of our crowd who did not know that Andy was madly in love with Elsa Turner. Otherwise, surely, as director of The Repertory Show, he'd have been more tactful about things.

Ronnie was, of course, the obvious one to play male lead, opposite Elsa, but right from the start it was obvious that Andy didn't relish being just another courtier in the crowd scenes, with Ronnie playing the lead as Archbishop of Axminster and Elsa playing Marion, Queen of Norland.

Mr. Hendon was oblivious of everything outside the show. He lived it, dreamed it, and, yes, he almost ate it. It seemed like it that day at rehearsal, for he was a veritable slave-driver.

He was entreating Elsa: "You must put your arms round the Bishop's neck."

Poor Elsa, with Andy looking daggers at her, was saying, desperately: "But I can't, Mr. Hendon. Queens don't drape themselves about like ordinary people."

"This is the weakest spot in the show, Miss Turner," Hendon went on. Then, with a lot of do-re-mi-fa gestures and his fudgy sweet-sixteen voice, he really laid it on.

"Miss Turner, please try to be an actress. Forget that you are yourself. Forget that there is such a person as Elsa Turner in the world. You are Queen Marion—for two years incumbent of your kingdom's throne. You are successor to a long and noble dynasty, loved and respected by your people—but, for all of it, you are alone."

"Which is exactly where I wish I were now," Elsa interrupted.

But he was too wound up to hear. "Surrounded by the obsequiousness of the court, you have no friends; born with a woman's heart, you have all your life been deprived of love—of personal, intimate, romantic love. Suddenly, through unsuspected vicissitude, there stands before you, burning with passion, the Bishop."

TRIUMPH

By PHILLIPS CAMPBELL

You should have seen Ronnie's fingers twitch and his eyes get like saucers on that one.

"Queen though you may be," Hendon went on, throwing his little chest out, "the woman within you is paramount. Come, now, Miss Queen—throw your arms around his neck and kiss him."

Elsa tried once more, but she couldn't help seeing Andy half off his chair and gripping it as though he was ready to throw it—and there was something in Ronnie O'Rourke's eyes that seemed to send shivers all up and down her spine. The poor kid was actually crying as she turned to Mr. Hendon.

"I can't do it," she said. "I've tried, but I can't do it!"

Well, anybody could see the scene wasn't working out at all. Ronnie was about to flop on to an empty chair, but K. Raleigh caught him.

"They are your friends. They are all in the cast," he said to Elsa. "To-morrow there will be the audience, too. The cast realise that love scenes are the hardest and they are with you. You are not the first who has stumbled at a love scene."

So she gave in and told him, "All right."

Andy had to take that moment to fall off his chair, and while he was still sprawling on the floor with his hands and feet in the air, Elsa turned on him shatteringly.

"Won't you go home?" she cried. "Please go home!" Then she dive-bombed into Hendon. "I can't picture myself hanging

around the Bishop's neck like a lei!"

"Madam," chimed in Ronnie, "do you mean that I'm so repulsive?"

Well, it was hard for her. Anyone who was bright enough to follow the score would know that if it hadn't been for Andy hanging around, Hendon wouldn't have had to beg her more than once to put her arms around Ronnie's neck.

But Andy had got up off the floor and picked up his chair again, and was slouched mopingly on it—so she couldn't say too much to Ronnie, only, "Certainly not. Don't say things like that, Ronnie. You know I like you. Oh, Mr. Hendon, can't we stop? Haven't we rehearsed enough?"

Well, Hendon, being true to his art, couldn't see it that way.

"I do feel sorry for you, Elsa," he said, "for I know you have really tried—but the problem must be met. For my sake, my dear, you must do it. You must throw heart and soul into your lines and action, forget that you are Elsa and be the Queen, forget that Ronnie is anyone but your lover; act as though the room were empty except for you and him, and do as your instincts tell you."

Somebody over on the side lines yelled "Whoopee!" but Hendon's glance froze him.

"This is our dress rehearsal, dear Queen," he continued. "To-morrow the show goes on. We have only to-night to attain perfection. The Bishop will please commence with the line, 'God grant I shall merit no

reproach. My heart cries out—' and so forth."

Ronnie had come back eagerly, and Elsa had her arms around his neck, but as their eyes met squarely, Andy made a shuffling noise on the floor with his feet and the kiss that she was about to place upon the Bishop's brow fizzled completely.

"Oh!" Hendon exclaimed, clutching his hands above his head. "You are in love with him! For the first time in your life you have found love. A kiss, Miss Turner, is something exquisite. It is the symbol of ecstasy. It was my mother. I know all about kisses."

Elsa looked a trifle bored. "Oh, please, Mr. Hendon," she said, "I was kissed once. It was my mother. I know all about kisses."

"We have no time for banter," he said. "I am speaking of the kiss in its finer aspect. There are other kinds, of course—some unduly prolonged, some flung off between a last cup of coffee and the bus to town. And there's even the so-called peck, far down in the scale of emotion and substances. That was a peck that you just now gave the Bishop."

He got them to try once more, and they failed once more.

There were nobles and courtiers draped all over the place, some half asleep and some watching all goggle-eyed and tittering.

When Hendon finished talking, some of them tittered too loudly and he turned on them and reminded them that the good name and glory of the Little Theatre was in their young hands and each would be gracious enough to do his part and not interrupt. They might also remember to be gentlefolk.

"If you ask me, the whole idea of this necking and kissing's improper!" Andy blurted out from where he sat.

"Andrew!" It was Elsa who shouted it, and you knew she was furious, because she had never before called him Andrew.

And Hendon blew up, too. "You are nothing but an impudent young man!" he yelled. "Leave the room at once!"

Please turn to page 44



STAR of Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, lovely Margot Fonteyn, has her hair styled by world-famous photographer and artist Cecil Beaton.



DANCERS relax in the dress circle of the theatre, awaiting their turn to appear in a dress rehearsal of "Apparitions." Decor for the 1949 production of this ballet at the Royal Opera House was the work of Cecil Beaton. Opera House is regularly booked out ahead for all new ballet productions by Sadler's Wells Company.

Visit Here Planned

ENGLAND'S famous Sadler's Wells Ballet, which is touring America, was received with acclaim when its season opened at the New York Metropolitan Theatre. Leading male dancer of the company is 40-year-old Australian Robert Helpmann, who went to London in 1931, and soon began to make a name for himself as both choreographer and dancer. Helpmann plans to bring a ballet company to Australia towards the end of next year. He would have come here direct from America but has to return to England to take the lead in a technicolor film early next year.



BREAK TIME for hard-working dancers in pit bar of Sadler's Wells Theatre. Company is financed by Covent Garden Opera Trust, which draws £145,000 from the Government this year.



PUPIL at the Sadler's Wells Ballet School is firmly corrected by Madame Lydia Kyasht, who was a member of Russian Imperial Ballet.

The Australian Women's Weekly —
November 26, 1949 Page 16



TRIO of leading personalities in the company are, from left, musical director Constant Lambert, leading male dancer Robert Helpmann, and the principal choreographer, Frederick Ashton.

(C)

DETAIL in his choreography is demonstrated by Frederick Ashton to Margot Fonteyn, who is established as Britain's leading ballerina, during a rehearsal at Covent Garden.





PRINCE in "Sleeping Beauty" is one of Robert Helpmann's great parts. He awakens Sleeping Beauty, Margot Fonteyn, with a kiss as a climax to the ballet.

AUSTRALIAN Robert Helpmann is equally famous as choreographer and dancer. He does a pas de deux from "Sleeping Beauty" with Margot Fonteyn. His ballet "Hamlet" had huge success in New York recently.

Helpmann world famous dancer



SORCERER in "Coppelia" is one of Robert Helpmann's most famous comic roles. The doll is danced by Margot Fonteyn. All color pictures were taken by Howard Byrne.

HARD WORK as well as exceptional talent was needed to take Helpmann to the top of the ladder of fame. He rehearses with Fonteyn between afternoon and night performances.

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POOR PAPA is out in the cold, but baby spares a moment from his frolics for an affectionate nuzzle through the wire which separates them.

STRIPEY — handsome Zoo baby

TREMENDOUS excitement greeted the birth of a male zebra foal at Taronga Zoological Gardens, and crowds of visitors have since flocked to see the quaint baby.

Drama followed the happy event when the other female zebra, which shared the paddock with the mother and father of the baby foal, attempted to maul the young one.

The mother fought to protect her baby from these jealous attentions while Zoo attendants worked against time to erect a barricade around them.

Baby still bears a couple of bite scars on the flanks, but safe and secure now cavorts merrily with proud mamma and grows stronger daily.

The little newcomer is not likely to be named officially, but he is known to Zoo attendants as "Stripey."

He is specially precious as he is the first zebra to be born at the Zoo for 20 years.



LOOKING OUT at the great big wonderful world in one of his few stationary moments. The youngster is healthy and very frisky.



ALONE, and side view, he looks pensive. Mother zebra watches over baby zealously.



MOTHER is around when a fellow gets thirsty. Sear of bite from other female zebra is seen on baby's side.

C O N F U S I N G medley of stripes occurs when mother introduces baby formally to father and a friend. Zebra stripes all follow same pattern.



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Rene Suggests

WEEK-END BY THE SEA



● A fine plaid shirt-top tucks into pedal-pushers, above, or a wide matching skirt, at left. Wear the same belt with both, and make it by tying a chiffon scarf through the eyelet holes.

● The three-piecer, above and at right, has a button-on flared skirt with a wrapover cut up to one side, a tiny separate top, and briefest bolero with a wide new looking pique collar to match the pique band on the top. It is perfect for travelling with its bolero, and without for sunning or sitting about. Top could be worn with pedal-pushers or shorts for variety.

● Dark blue shorts, at right, with their white pique cuffs are smart as paint. With them wear the plaid top, pushed up onto the shoulder, or bare-top from the three-piecer, at top right.



● Favorite accessory for the beach this year is the large fringed terry towelling shawl, above, which is good to lie on or as a splendid protection from sudden chill winds.

Rene



● Exquisite use is made by Lecomte of two tones of taffeta, a pale and a deep rose-pink, for this formal evening gown. The full-length gloves are made of the pink taffeta in gown.

Ways with taffeta

OF all materials, one of the most flattering is the stiff yet supple taffeta, which lends itself admirably to current styles. Wide, folded collars on portrait necklines, huge decorative bows, and asymmetrical skirts are at their best in this material.



● New York designer Pauline Trigere allies pale pink and black taffeta for an elaborate cocktail or dinner frock. The wide neckline has a tilted fichu collar, skirt is draped.



● Arthur Banks, of London, uses black-and-gold striped taffeta effectively to make a huge bow through the slotted neckline of a severely tailored black dress to give it accent and add color.

● Molyneux makes a very full, softly falling black taffeta skirt held by a wide matching belt, and teams it for resort cocktails with salmon-pink top and shawl trimmed with black fringe.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 26, 1949

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Which Twin has the Toni? Pictured above are Moyna and Norma Spike, of Sydney, N.S.W. Moyna, the twin on the left, has the Toni. Her sister says: "When I saw how beautifully Moyna's wave turned out, I wished I were the Toni twin."

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Stirring welcome for gallant Amethyst crew



ARRIVAL. Petty-Officer Jack Webb, of Manchester, received a hearty greeting at Devonport, Plymouth, from his wife (left) and mother when he came home in H.M.S. Amethyst after her 10,000-mile voyage from the Yangtze.



HERO telegraphist Jack French welcomed by his mother and father at Plymouth. He received the D.S.M. for remaining at his radio for 96 hours while Amethyst was trapped on the Yangtze last April.

Ship's cat Simon not forgotten at exciting home-coming

Although Simon, famous H.M.S. Amethyst cat, has to go into quarantine for six months in England he is allowed to receive visitors, and more than half the ship's complement have his address.

On his way to quarantine Simon was not forgotten. A wire for him from Miss C. Richards, of Dorset, said: "Congratulations and welcome puffs from Pixie, a tabby lady admirer."

SIMON, awarded the animals' V.C., the Dickin Medal, ducked away when the ship docked. Tired of all the fuss, he disappeared below decks after the first half-hour of cheering, and stayed there for two days.

The ship's commanding officer, Lieutenant-Commander John Kerans, found Simon in the ship's galley, and gave him a farewell stroke.

While Simon sulked in the lower decks, the happy reunions above went on to the daylong accompaniment of whistles and sirens.

Still flying the White Ensign that Chinese Communist guns could not shoot down in the Yangtze River, the frigate Amethyst sailed back to Plymouth Sound on a dull, grey English day.

But the men of Amethyst did not notice the grey. All that mattered was that the grass was English green and the walls of the fort were white English stone. They were home.

Plymouth rolled out the drums; cheers and tears greeted the gallant crew from the thousands who lined the foreshores, ships' sirens cried out for miles across the Sound, and a Lancaster plane flew overhead and dipped its wings in salute.

Sixteen-year-old Sea Cadet Stewart Woods hitch-hiked 200 miles to deliver a message of congratulations from his unit at Worcester to Commander Kerans.

For the frigate, the Royal Marines struck up, "All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor," and kisses were blown from jetty to ship, and back from ship to jetty.

Then the Amethyst men fell in on the fore-castle to await the official reception committee.

There were 12 handshakes for Amethyst's commanding officer, Lieut-Commander John Kerans, as the party went on board.

Those who came to welcome and congratulate the intrepid sailor and his men included the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Hall; the First Sea Lord, Lord Fraser; Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, Mr. Dingle; the Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, Admiral Sir Robert Barrett; and the Lord Lieutenant of Devon, Earl Fortescue.

But it was not a day of complete

From . . .
ANNE MATHESON
of our London staff

Pearl Frank, daughter of Chief Petty-Officer Leslie Frank, made a pick-a-back tour of Amethyst.

Able-Seaman Potter swept the girl he'd left behind him, Iris Stevens, right off her feet with a long-overdue kiss.

Telegraphist Jack French, wearing the D.S.M. ribbon he was awarded for keeping the trapped ship in contact with the world for five unbroken days, took refuge with his parents and relatives as he saw the crowds waiting to greet him.

"Oh, for the quiet of the Yangtze!" he said.

Later he had nearly a week of unbroken welcomes at his home town, Ashburton, Devon.

Over the door of his home an illuminated sign said: "Welcome Home Our Jack, D.S.M."

On the clothes-line amid the bunting and flags a pink petticoat hung, and a blushing member of the family pulled it down: "Oh, dear! We forgot it was there!"

All Jack wanted was the welcome he had thought about all the way home. Into the parlor he rushed to his mother, and said: "Now for a nice cup of tea, Mum."

But even that they did not have to themselves, for relatives and friends squeezed in till there was standing room only.

Jack was handed 300 letters, 40 telegrams, and a dozen parcels.

In spite of Commander Kerans' warning to watch their cap ribbons while ashore, 25-year-old David Ferrier, radar operator, was only five minutes ashore when he'd lost his ribbon.

"Somebody pinched it while I wasn't looking," he said with disgust.

joy. There were those who had not come home to be remembered.

Eighteen good comrades had been killed in action, and there was the little company of 29 wounded, including Leading-Seaman Cyril Williams, who had lost both legs, to honor. He went aboard in his wheelchair with the other wounded and heard Lord Hall praise the men of the Amethyst.

Cyril Williams had travelled 300 miles by ambulance from hospital at Liverpool.

Slowly the noisy welcome died down and eager families of the Amethyst's company poured down the four gangways.

Lieutenant-Commander Kerans kissed Mrs. Kerans. Husbands and wives were clasped in each other's arms. Small boys held their fathers' hands, and looked up shyly.

There were tears of joy and those little silences which always mean there is too much to say.

Shyly Kerans' three-year-old daughter, Charmian Eve, met her hero father, clutching her sailor doll and shrinking from the cheering crowds. Only in her cabin did she relax and sit on her father's knee.

But there was nothing shy about most of the children who swarmed on board.

Alan, son of Petty-Officer Rosslyn Nicholls, hugged and kissed his father, wearing an outside in sailor's caps well down over his ears.



WOUNDED when Amethyst was trapped on the Yangtze, Stoker Mechanic Ronald Fletcher (on crutches) and Leading Seaman Cyril Williams (in chair) wave a welcome home to their mates.



CROWD on the quay at Devonport greeting H.M.S. Amethyst after she had berthed. In the background is the battleship Vanguard, which flashed a signal "Welcome, well done!"



WELCOME for Lieutenant-Commander Kerans, D.S.O., from his wife, aboard Amethyst at Plymouth.

Editorial

NOVEMBER 26, 1949

SHALL WE DANCE?

A MEETING of the Anglican Synod of Sydney has adopted a motion deprecating dances, card parties, and games of chance as social activities connected with the church.

But is dancing unsuitable to be associated with church life?

Dancing, like most other human activities, depends for its good or evil on the healthy-mindedness of those taking part.

There is a world of difference between a natural young pair dancing, however exuberantly, at a discreetly chaperoned party, and a sophisticated couple moving in a half-tipsy clinch over the floor of some dim night-club.

Young people will dance, and if the churches ban dancing in their halls and at their socials, most of their youthful flock will almost certainly dance elsewhere.

Dancing is a natural, harmless way of giving expression to the high spirits of youth. The undesirable things that sometimes go with it—drinking, "petting," or the excesses of jive—these deserve the condemnation of those with the welfare of youth at heart.

Surely the solution is not to ban dancing, but to see that it is surrounded by good influences.

These, whether emanating from the church or any other body of workers, must be directed at the strengthening of character.

Then, when the young dance, they will do so with a healthy enjoyment in which there is no evil but that in the eye of a beholder.

ISADORA DUNCAN: Dazzling dancer

"THIS shawl shall never, never leave me. It's like new life, and hope, and happiness. Always its soft red folds shall warm my poor sad heart."

In these words, Isadora Duncan expressed her delight at being given the shawl that was to strangle her in a car accident within a few months.

It was hand-painted by a group of her admirers in America. The design included a huge yellow bird, blue Chinese asters, and black Chinese characters against a vivid red ground.

When she received it, in 1927, the world-famous dancer was 49 years old, lonely, poor, and desolate. Her mercurial temperament was in one of its blackest phases. She no longer wished to live.

Perhaps she realised at last that the world was tired of her mad love affairs, her total disregard of ordinary standards of conduct, which not even her undoubted genius could excuse.

Isadora was given the two-yard-long shawl in Paris in May. The following September, one evening in Nice, the fringed end of the shawl, which was wound round her neck, caught in a car wheel, breaking her neck and severing her jugular veins.

During the four months that she owned the scarf, Isadora's belief that it had some magic for her had some remarkable results.

It gave her the strength of purpose, during those four months, to reduce the huge bulk of fat that had ruined her once slender, five-foot-six figure. She was able to give one last triumphant performance of her incredible dancing.

This concert in the Theatre Mogador was the last spurt of a flame that had swept across Europe since 1903, when Isadora's first contract to dance in public filled the Urania Theatre, Budapest, for 30 recitals.

Had Alexander Gross not signed her up for those concerts, Isadora would probably have continued to sleep on bare boards and starve in Paris.

For until that historic night no place had been found in any professional theatre for her conception of dancing as the simple poetry of motion, stemming from the natural rhythm of wind and waves, and forsaking entirely all artificial movement.

Earlier, what she had to give to the stage had been welcomed gladly by such great artists as Eleanor Duse and Ellen Terry, who saw her dance in fashionable drawing-rooms and studios.

As a child of six, in San Francisco, this little redhead with the tip-tilted nose gathered about her a group of babies, sat them in a circle, and

FAMOUS WOMEN

taught them graceful arm movements.

She never lost this urge to pass on to as many children as she could her own idea of movement, and it led to the establishment of her famous schools in Russia, Paris, and America.

When Isadora was 16 she had already made up her mind that her own country was far too sleepy to accept her revolutionary ideas.

In 1899, under the name O'Gorman, she sailed in a cattle boat to conquer Europe, a conquest that began with her Budapest recitals in 1903.

Even cosmopolitan Europe found Isadora startling, with her complete disregard for convention in the clothes she wore on stage and in her private life.

Theatre-goers were scandalised because she discarded the traditional tights and wore only a gauze tunic for dancing.

Stefan Zweig in "The World of Yesterday" says: "Isadora Duncan dared to show the soles of her feet."

Off stage she dressed in flowing Grecian robes and forced her devoted friend Mary Desti to do the same. When they visited Frau Wagner at Bayreuth, that august personage asked: "Do all Americans dress like this?" To which Isadora replied, "Oh, no, some wear leathers."

Although part of Isadora's revolt against convention included a belief in free love, Mary Desti says that Isadora did not have her first love affair until after she had become famous.

Her life and loves were as unconventional as her art

Father of her first child was Ellen Terry's son, Gordon Craig, and there were to be four more great loves in her life. She said not long before she died:

"I do not know which I loved best. I seemed to love each one of them to the uttermost limits of love, and if they stood before me I wouldn't know which one to choose. I loved, and still love, them all. Perhaps I am many persons in one, and perhaps many others feel as I do, but won't admit it even to themselves."

When her two beautiful, golden-haired children were drowned in 1913, the car in which they sat having run into the Seine, the world was inclined to say that this was the price she had to pay for her defiance of convention.

She never ceased to mourn her son and daughter and could never bear to see children resembling them.

Legend grew round Isadora's scantily clad figure.



ISADORA DUNCAN. A portrait taken when she was in her forties.

Apparently even such a Lothario as the Italian poet Gabriele d'Annunzio was daunted by her reputation for indiscriminate love-making.

By appointment he visited Isadora's studio in Paris at midnight. Without even allowing him to greet her, she seated him on a divan surrounded by lighted candles.

Chopin's funeral march began to play, and Isadora danced, with her bare feet making no sound and her Grecian draperies swirling. As she danced she blew out the candles one by one.

One candle alone, placed close to Gabriele's head, remained alight, and Isadora was whirling toward it when the poet sprang up and rushed into the street, with Isadora calling after him:

"Come back! It is not finished. This is the Dance of Death."

But Gabriele was taking no chances. He did not return. During her visit to America in 1917

one of her lovers was prepared to hire Madison Square Garden and open a school of dancing for her there.

He feted her at a lavish party at Sherry's but it ended in a violent fit of jealousy. He dragged clothes from the tables, sending to ruin on the floor thousands of dollars' worth of food, glass, crockery, and vintage wines.

There was no school at Madison Square Garden. Instead, Isadora had to sell his gifts—a magnificent diamond necklace and ermine coat—to establish a school at Long Beach.

When she went again to America in 1922 she was accompanied by another lover, whose fantastic exploits made the events at Sherry's seem like a vicar's tea-party.

This was 27-year-old Sergei Yessenin, a mad Russian poet eleven years her junior, whom she had met when she went to Moscow to found a school there.

Sergei Yessenin, adored by his

countrymen, who regarded him as Pushkin's successor, made his home in the palace where Isadora had her school, and brought with him a band of his wild, artist friends, who were called "The Scandalists."

Money was running out, so Isadora decided to tour America to raise funds to keep her school going.

She could not part from Yessenin. She realised that the only way she could get him out of Russia would be to forsake her principles and marry him.

To the astonishment of her manager, famous impresario S. Hurok, Isadora arrived back in her native country, not wearing her traditional Grecian robes, but looking handsome and well groomed in a Paris suit.

As the immigration authorities detained Isadora when she arrived at New York, and held her on Ellis Island, she became headline news.

And, thanks to Sergei's fantastic actions and her own frank and devastating speeches, she remained in the headlines until she left the country.

While they were at the Waldorf Astoria in New York Sergei had one of the ungovernable fits of jealous rage that later made almost every hotel in Europe close its doors to him and Isadora.

Isadora summoned Hurok by telephone saying that Sergei was killing her. When the impresario arrived he found the suite completely wrecked, but the husband and wife lying quietly in each other's arms.

Isadora had one of their appalling scenes with him on their way back to Russia. He completely wrecked their room in Paris, and finally pushed a couch and dressing-table through the window. This time the police gaoled him, and only a doctor's certificate that he was an epileptic got him out. He was deported to Germany.

During another of their jealous quarrels Sergei jumped head first through a closed window. Though he smashed it to pieces he remained unscratched.

Isadora forgave this strange husband of hers all his cruelties, infidelities, and insults, until one day he exceeded even her patience.

She was seated in the great salon at her school, weeping over a huge album filled with pictures of her drowned children. The crazed poet, in a jealous rage, seized it and flung it into the fire.

When she tried to drag it from the flames, he held her back, taunting her.

After that, he left her. Yessenin committed suicide in 1925 and then his books sold in thousands.

Continued on page 25

ARTIST SKIPPER'S PICTURES

RED-HAired Captain Brett Hillier, son of a noted artist and skipper of the 2000-ton Morinda, paints natives' portraits and island landscapes in watercolor.

He has always painted a little, but it wasn't until the last two years of the war, in which he was a wing-commander and air navigator, that it became one of his main preoccupations.

It continued to be when he returned to Burns Philp as a second mate.

Since then he has been building up his collection of paintings. Landscapes reflect scenes from the New Hebrides, New Guinea, the Solomons, Lord Howe Island, and Norfolk Island.

Few of his native portraits—from Fanning Island, Whitesands, Penang, and Ellice Island—are published in color in A.M. for November, now on sale.

Also in A.M. are reproduced paintings by Tristram Hillier, an Englishman who sometimes spends months on a painting.

A.M. is the magazine for men and women. Price is 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY GUS





COUNTRY BRIDE. Mrs. Charles Mort leaves St. Cantee's Church with her husband after their marriage. Bride formerly Patricia Loneragan, daughter of Mrs. Loneragan, Woodlands, Pyramul, via Mudgee, and the late Mr. F. J. Loneragan. Charles is third son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Laidley Mort, of Balmain.



RECEPTION AT SAVARIN follows marriage at Great Synagogue for Dudley Goldman and his bride, formerly Ruth Brukarz, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Baron Brukarz, of Double Bay. Bridegroom is only child of Mrs. B. Goldman of Bondi.



WORKING FOR LEGACY. Betty Field and Mrs. Adrian Quast lunch together at Prince's to discuss plans for the lucky dip they plan to have at the gymkhana for Legacy which will be held at St. Ives Showground this Saturday.



WED AT ST. MARK'S. Mr. and Mrs. Max Stutzen leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after marriage. Bride formerly Valerie Swain, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Swain, of Point Piper, formerly of New Zealand. Max is son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Stutzen, of Berne, Switzerland.



YOUNG COUPLE. Margot Keep and fiance, Peter Chambers, celebrate announcement of their engagement at Prince's. Margot is daughter of the Ted Keeps, of Point Piper, and Peter is youngest son of Mrs. D. M. Tooth, of Bundanoon and of the late Dr. J. F. Chambers, formerly of Melbourne. Couple plan February wedding.

Intimate Gossipings

WHIRLWIND of preparations for trip to England for Captain Stuart Gordon and his wife, who before marriage few months ago was Joy Carrodus. Couple sail in Strathmore.

Stuart will attend Army staff course at Camberley, in Surrey, and they plan to be away from Australia fourteen months.

Furnished flat, snugly centrally heated, awaits them there, so Joy is taking only a few of their precious bits and pieces and cutlery and linen—not to mention a few tins of foodstuffs to help their rations along.

Joy has lovely wardrobe to take away with her, and is looking forward to seeing many Australian friends over there. One of her first calls will be to Windsor Castle to see Lady Gowrie, to whom she is taking Christmas parcel from her mother, Mrs. J. Carrodus, of Mugga Way, Canberra. She is also looking forward to seeing Helen and Audrey Woodger in London. Helen was one of Joy's bridesmaids at her wedding.

ARMS filled with packages, Barbara Robinson tells me she and fiance, Gordon MacNicol, of Elam-bone, Grenfell, are off home on afternoon's train to Grenfell after short holiday in Sydney, when Barbara receives felicitations from Gordon's family, Mr. and Mrs. W. MacNicol, of Lindfield. Barbara, who is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Robinson, of "Myce," Grenfell, has lovely sapphire and platinum engagement ring with sapphire and diamond shoulders. Couple plan marriage towards end of next year.



PHOTO FROM CANBERRA. Sheillah and Mahnie Bedi, daughters of High Commissioner for India, Colonel Bedi, and Mrs. Bedi, snapped at party at their home with Rosalind Esalt, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. V. Esalt.



PARTY ON BOARD SHIP. Claudia Beasley, Philip Hood, and Mrs. John Bavin were among guests entertained on board the Himalaya when mammoth cocktail party was given for well-known Sydney people to view new ship.



HOME AGAIN after three months' holiday in England are Brigadier and Mrs. George Hurst, of Goulburn. In England couple spent some time with Brigadier Hurst's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hurst, at their home in Hertfordshire.

AUSTRALIAN friends of Anne Krabbe, who came to Australia last year with the J. Arthur Rank meteorological unit, will be interested to hear news of her engagement in England to Major Tony Duncan, of the Welsh Guards.

Anne, who is keen golfer and has no mean handicap herself, will have keen competition with her fiance in this sport, as he is a plus one golfer.

Since her return to England, when the unit was disbanded, Anne has not continued her meteorological work. Couple plan marriage in April of next year. Anne is a cousin of Mrs. Vincent Fairfax, of Elaine, Double Bay, and spent a lot of time with her during her Australian visit.

PARTY given by Sheila and Darcy Robinson at their Bellevue Hill home is curtain-raiser for Orban Studio Art Show, which John Mansfield opens at David Jones' this Tuesday. Party farewells another exhibitor, Janet Atchley, who goes back to Nelson, New Zealand, and who has been student with Orban for six months. Show includes paintings of Orban's past and present pupils.

AFTER spending long day scrutinizing and counting votes for election of a special committee, Eileen Dinley makes bright appearance at end of day when Women Graduates' Association hold party in Great Hall at the University to aid Crosby Hall Appeal. With Eileen see Mrs. Ian Maxwell and Mrs. Tom Bateman, who helped organise food for party, and Mrs. John Thorpe, who tells me her husband, Professor Thorpe, is so interested in photography he has built a new enlarger.

WHEN I meet Mrs. Toby Browne, of "Savaun," Binnaway, in town negotiating wool sales, I admire her deep suntan and learn that it was acquired during the past winter, which she spent in the Northern Territory. Tired of cold winters, she spent some weeks at Alice Springs, then, when the chill set in there, moved on to Darwin. Another 200-miles trek later brought her to Eley Station, made famous in Mrs. Aeneas Gunn's "We of the Never Never," where she stayed at the Mattatanka guest-house, built on a section of the property on the banks of the Roper River. Mrs. Browne says she has seen some of the loveliest scenery in Australia, made more beautiful by the wealth of water-lilies covering the river. Every luxury for tourists is there, including thermal baths.

CABLE for Mrs. M. L. Walcott, of Neutral Bay, and Mrs. Norman Rorie, of Pymble, from their sister, Mrs. Nona Davies, saying she is leaving England in Stratheden on November 24. This will be Mrs. Davies' first visit home since her marriage in England about 25 years ago to the late Dr. John Davies, of Chester, Wales. She is the daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Sly, of Sydney.

BRIEFLY: Future home at Mosman for newlyweds Don Rogerson and his bride, formerly Joy Warner. . . . Interstate interest in wedding when Bill Perry, of Maroubra, and Del Jackson, of Coorparoo, Queensland, were married recently at St. John's Church at Ammerley, Brisbane.

Joyce

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Conscription of labour is today a practice under Socialist-Labor Government in England. Men aged 15 to 50 and women from 18 to 40 can be ordered as to where they shall work and as to what kind of work they must do.

That means serious undermining of family life . . . with the breadwinners away from home. And that is what will happen in Australia if the Chifley Socialist Labor Government is returned again.

Mr. Chifley has already said, "There will have to be transfers of workers to other forms of work. The Government's policy is to provide jobs for all the people all the time—but no one can say where at any time."

The Federal President of the Australian Labor Party said recently, "It is necessary to have manpower control."

Remember—you cannot have the Socialist Labor Government without Socialisation: and you can't have Socialisation without COMPULSION of labour.

LIBERALS stand for

FULL EMPLOYMENT WITH THE FULL RIGHT TO CHOOSE
YOUR OWN JOB

Is there a formula for

LOVE?

Love — the love of two comparative strangers of the opposite sex for each other — is neither straightforward, uncomplicated, nor especially constant.

It is an alarming and uncontrollable state of mind which causes those afflicted to be lifted suddenly to the most astonishing pinnacles of happiness and to be dropped with equal suddenness deep down into the darkest well of despair and misery.

THE fact that in the long run — whatever the romantics say — despair and misery predominate over happiness does not deter the mass of young people all over the world from wishing constantly, fervently, desperately to achieve this state.

And, having achieved it, or believing that they have achieved it, what happens then? They marry. And, having married, what then do they do?

Some live together happily ever after.

Some live together happily for a while, and then relapse into a state of mutual and benign resignation.

Some live together happily for a while, and unhappily for the rest of the time.

Some — and this section constitutes a very large proportion of the whole — live together happily for a while, and then separate and divorce and try again.

We can assume, therefore, that somehow, somewhere, all is not well with this method. It can't be — not with the divorce rate the way it is.

There are, in fact, two kinds of love, and there is a distinguishable difference between the real kind, the rare one, which causes people to marry and live happily ever after, and the other one, the one which causes them to marry and divorce.

There is on the surface no difference between them. They both produce roughly the same symptoms in the sufferer.

Those who are afflicted with the wrong kind of love, the one that leads to divorce, cannot usually tell that it is so until too late.

First, we'll take the real love, the rare one, the maker of fine marriages.

What is that kind of love made of? Obviously it is a complex sensation comprising a number of different feelings, but I personally believe that in it there are two main ingredients mixed in approximately the following proportions:

- 60 per cent. profound affection and respect.
- 40 per cent. intense sex attraction.

Now, this is a rare mixture. It is rare enough to find it in one of the two lovers, and rarer by far to find it in both; but when that happens you can be fairly sure that you'll get the fairy-tale result.

The important point about this kind of love is that affection and respect (which must be deep) predominate over sex attraction (which must be intense). For as the years go by the sexual life of the two people passes inevitably through its various phases, beginning with excitement and passion, moving on to pleasurable normalcy.

Thus something which was an im-

portant ingredient of their original love for each other slowly begins to disappear. But the marriage holds fast, because this diminishing and disappearing thing was not the most important part of their love.

The most important ingredient was affection, deep affection. It cannot diminish with time — nor can it stand still. It can only increase. And thus, slowly but smoothly, the original ingredients of this love begin to alter their proportions. Affection increases. Sex attraction decreases. As the latter disappears, the former takes its place, and love remains entire.

And now the other kind of love, the wrong one, the bringer of divorces. What is that made of?

The formula here varies a good deal. It could be any of the following:

- 70 per cent. intense sex attraction, 30 per cent. genuine affection and respect.
- 100 per cent. deep affection and respect, sex attraction negligible.
- 100 per cent. intense sex attraction, affection and respect negligible.

The first of these three is the most common. It is sincere and intense and causes much mutual happiness. But it is temporary. It is bound to be so, because in it sex attraction, which becomes less intense with time, predominates too strongly over affection, which, though genuine, is not strong enough to increase.

Even if it did increase, it couldn't catch up fast enough. It was left behind at the start. Thus there would be a gap.

The percentage would not be 100. The love would not remain entire. A marriage contracted on this basis is almost certain to fail, although many manage to survive purely through the determination, self-sacrifice, give and take, hard work, and consideration for the children.

But it isn't much fun. The second of the three, where love is made up of 100 per cent. deep affection and respect, is bound equally to fail — except, of course, in the unusual event of both persons feeling the same way. Where one partner experiences no strong sex attraction while the other does, then failure is inevitable.

But what of the third type, where love is wholly sex attraction and nothing else? The romantics will argue that this is not love — not true love, anyway. But, on the contrary, it is. Those who fall in love in this manner are just as strangely and strongly afflicted as the others, just as irrational and loveless.

Many of them, believing that this is the real thing, proceed in all good faith to get married, only to discover, when it is too late, that their love was built of too flimsy stuff.



This kind of love is the most dangerous of them all. It is the quickest coming, the most powerful, the most natural, the most exciting, and the quickest going. It is a trap for the young ones, the gentle ones, the virtuous ones, and also for the fools. It is an exact definition of the phrase "love at first sight."

"Love at first sight" is a sensation which the average teenager, perilously ignorant of its implications, longs fervently to experience. The average movie story is usually based upon "total sex-attraction love," often dished up in the form of "love at first sight" and the story ends with happiness and marriage, and seldom goes on to reveal the inevitable crash.

Their most cherished ambition is a swift, exciting falling in love, a rapid courtship, a sackful of sentimental sloppery, and then, then marriage. And so it happens; and in a short while, when the novelty of sexual relations has worn off, both young man and young wife suddenly discover that they are living with someone whom they do not know well and do not care much about.

Young people hoping for love and contemplating matrimony can at any rate arm themselves with the knowledge that the most publicised and glamorised form of "love" is the very one which they should beware.

The problem resolves itself into this: Is a person who is deeply in love, capable of making an accurate and impartial analysis of the type of love with which she (or he) is afflicted? Is she capable of giving a true answer to the question, "How much is profound affection and how much is sex attraction?"

Personally, I doubt it. She could try; and if she were an exceedingly intelligent person, then I think she might even answer herself correctly. Unfortunately, it is a fact that those who suffer from "total sex-attraction love" are the very ones who will swear that their love is based upon nothing of the sort.

If, on the other hand, she is one of those rare girls who still value the advice of their parents, and if the parents have the sense and sensitivity

THEY'RE YOUNG, and so much in love. But will their love prove to be the kind that brings success in marriage?

to understand the problem, then they too may be able to help her to find the answer.

I know of one remarkable case in which a shrewd father saved his daughter from making a crazy choice. His daughter was fiercely in love with a handsome young man. The father had no objection to the boy, but at the same time he was convinced that his daughter's love was based upon 100 per cent. sex attraction.

It happened that the young man was called away for a while. The father one evening pretended for a while to be reading his paper, then suddenly looked up and spoke:

FATHER: I saw old Archie Swanson to-day. He said he'd just spent a week up in Manchester and he'd

Emotion is a faulty guide

seen your Johnny. Apparently he's got a rather bad attack of boils, on his face and neck and down his back.

DAUGHTER: Daddy, it isn't true!

FATHER: I'm afraid it is. The doctors don't seem to be able to find the reason for it. First they thought it was his teeth and they sent him to a dentist. They extracted about a dozen, including three front ones, but even that hasn't helped the boils.

It is a fact that the daughter cried a lot that evening, and it is also a fact that her love for Johnny began to cool from then on.

The father, seeing this, and knowing that Johnny would soon be coming back with a spotless complexion and with his own good teeth, confessed all to his daughter, and finally managed with great difficulty to convince her that although he was a liar and a cheat, he had nevertheless demonstrated a most important truth, namely, that his daughter's love was of the wrong type. Had it been the kind of love that makes good marriages then it would have taken a great deal more than boils and artificial teeth to shake it.

Much has been written in recent years about trial marriages in which young people live together for a period with the object of checking their chances of a successful partnership.

This method is totally unacceptable to any but a few extreme "moderns."

And, though it may seem sensible and reliable to these few, it is not in fact so simple as all that. Many factors, particularly of morality and responsibility, are involved.

Nowadays, of course, many people who would be horrified at the mere mention of a trial marriage do not raise an eyebrow at the mention of divorce.

The difference is a legal and an ethical one.

The weakness of the trial marriage is not that it is necessarily illegal, but just that it is a trial. The couple cannot have the same outlook as those who have entered into sacred bonds and there is not the same impulse to make a success of an arrangement that can be broken at will.

In marriage, one is expected to be guided almost entirely by that most mercurial, unreliable, deceptive, and powerful thing called love, and by little else, not even by one's parents these days, not even by one's own common sense, for one hasn't got any of that when one's in love.

Hence the divorce rate.

Hence the millions of struggling, just surviving, unhappy couples.

Hence, also, the cynicism of some people who know that love exists, who are glad that it exists, but who have learned that it is a wayward thing, not always to be trusted.

Don't be guided by it too much. Don't let it take hold of you completely and carry you away in a rosy swirl of sugary vapor.

And remember that it is the quiet little people, the calm ones, the cool ones, the gentle ones, the thoughtful ones, the slow-moving ones, who always seem, somehow, to succeed in choosing right.

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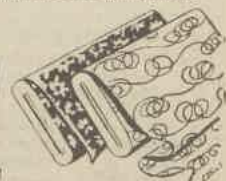


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STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING



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NOVEL IDEAS FOR CHILDREN'S PARTIES

The success of any party lies largely in the preparation beforehand. This is particularly true of a children's party. And yet everything is so easy if you follow the detailed plans in "Cookery for Parties," just published by The Australian Women's Weekly. Detailed working schedules — menus — delightful recipes — novel party programmes and table decorations — in fact everything for a successful party.

But that's not all. There are no fewer than nineteen completely detailed plans for parties — dinners — teas.

All in all, "Cookery for Parties" is invaluable to anyone intending to entertain at home.

Get your copy to-day from any newsagent or bookstall—2/-.

A Week-end is Not Enough

Continued from page 4

CURTLY Vic said, "Get in the car. I'm driving you home."

They drove without a word between them. In the silence she felt his anger against her growing into a steady dull resentment. She did not trust herself to intrude upon it.

She had an intense moment of regret when they stopped at a level crossing to let a train go by and she looked at Vic for the first time since they left the inn. His face was turned away from her, but in the light of the approaching engine she saw the sharp line of his nose and the grim corner of his mouth, his chin rigidly set.

Just before they reached their town, he said, "I've certainly been a fool."

"What were you to think?" she said. "I agreed to go." He did not reply.

They drew up in front of her house. "Well, here you are," he announced, but she saw the anger had gone out of his voice.

She turned to him in a last attempt to clear the air. "I wish I could tell you—"

He tapped his fingers on the steering wheel. "I thought you were in love with me."

"I was. I am. That's the trouble."

"You don't act like it."

"It's you who aren't in love with me, Vic." Now she could tell him. "The way I feel about you and the way you feel about me aren't the same thing."

He turned to look at her then. And he saw at last what it was that was wrong. He had not intended to lead her astray, he had no plans in his head to coax her into anything she didn't want, he was going to let the week-end take care of itself. They had had a very good time together the past eight months. He knew she was serious, but women liked to be serious. There was no fun in the game for them if they were not serious.

He saw now that she was too young, that he should never have asked her to go away with him.

As he became angry with himself for having done such a foolish thing, he burst out at her: "I didn't lead you to expect anything, Lucy."

"No," she said sadly, honestly. "I built it all up myself."

She got out of the car and began walking quickly up to the house. He came up the walk behind her, carrying her bag. He set it down on the step, hung there as if he wanted to say something more, then, as if he thought better of it, said good night and walked away. Lucy stood on the steps in the dark, crying softly as he drove off.

A tedious mill ground out the days that followed. The hours trod upon one another with a slowness that drained Lucy dry. After Monday morning, Saturday and Sunday were impossible; she took up her old life again—the routine of it, at least—work, home, sleep, without interest, as if it were something she had to do and get over.

She was certain that she would never see Vic again, and as she missed him with increasing intensity, she tormented herself with the idea that she had been wrong. Would she really have lost him if she had stayed?

For several weeks passed she accepted an invitation from a boy in the office. She went with him merely to pass the time, but it was no good. Lucy kept watching for Vic in the crowded restaurant, where they had supper, and once in a wild moment of confusion she thought she saw him across the room. She kept her eyes on the tall dark man in the grey suit until she was certain it was not Vic, then she found she did not want the rest of her sandwich.

She refused a second invitation. It was easier to stay at home. Her family had taken her explanation

that Friday night she had come in so unexpectedly, that she and Vic had quarrelled, and they had asked no further questions. She was safe and shut away at home.

At the end of three months Lucy reached a place where she knew she had to do something. She was throwing away her youth and it was senseless, and if she wanted to save it she must save it now. She decided to put Vic out of her life. He was already gone physically, but she had yet to put away the mental ghost of him that haunted her.

But how do you throw away the memory of a beloved face, a pair of eyes, a special look, the firmness of lips that yield to tenderness?

Lucy thrust them away at the end of a final struggle one night as she lay in bed unable to sleep. She said aloud, and she heard her voice clearly in the dark room: "I'm going to forget you, Vic Kent. I am not going to let even a thought of you remain in my head, driving me crazy." She received a certain strength from the very saying of the words and she fell asleep shortly afterwards.

The next morning she awoke with the knowledge that she was free to meet someone else. It simplified the whole day and she rejoiced in the new possession of herself. She plunged into her work as if to make up for the days she had given it only passive attention. She lunched with the girls again after so many lonely lunches, and she came home to spend the evening with her family.

It was only when she turned out the light before getting into bed that first night that she knew a moment of panic. Vic's face rose before her in the sudden dark. She shut her eyes as if with darkness against darkness she could close him out. The fortitude of the day, came to sustain her and the face vanished. She got into bed and fell asleep immediately.

The second day went even better than the first, and, cheered by it, Lucy brought some gramophone records after work. It was the first time she had bought anything for herself in months. She had just put the records on and had sat down with the family to listen to them when the doorbell rang.

"Who could it be?" her mother said, knitting needles clicking.

Lucy got up at the second ring and went out into the hall to answer it. She opened the door, cautiously as if she might encounter an intruder.

"Hello, Lucy," Vic said.

She stood staring at him, unable to speak.

"I should have rung you," he said. "But I wanted to be sure of seeing you."

She remained holding on to the doorknob. Then she opened the door wider and stood back to let him pass. He stepped inside and she closed the door behind him. Vic glanced about the hall, his back to her, then he turned around, his hands hunched in his pockets.

"Look, Lucy, can I talk to you somewhere?"

The urgency of his voice compelled her against any stand she would take. Her eyes moved up to his face, stopped at the look in his eyes. "Wait a minute," she said quickly. "I'll get my coat."

She skirted around him and along the hall to her bedroom. When she came back her face was white and composed, as if the simple act of going and finding her coat had given her time to catch hold of herself. She put her head into the living room, said briefly that she was going

out with Vic, and withdrew before she heard the surprise her announcement had created.

Vic stood quietly waiting for her and she saw the change in his face since she had seen him last. There was something different about him, not too discernible, but yet it was there, as if his assurance had been disturbed. Before she had time to decide what it was, he opened the door and she followed him out and they began walking down the quiet street.

They walked for some time without speaking.

"It took a long time for me to understand, Lucy," Vic said finally. He spoke thoughtfully, as if what he was saying meant a great deal to him. "And a while to get over being angry, at both you and myself."

She said nothing, walking along beside him.

"I felt pretty flat after you walked out on me." He took time to light a cigarette. "But I suppose I had only myself to blame."

So that was what she had seen in his face there in the hall. Then all this time he had not put her completely away from him, forgotten her; he had been remembering . . . A little smile touched her lips and was gone.

"I don't think I counted on getting married at all—and you did," he went on. She felt it was difficult for him to admit this, that he was matching her honesty of that last night now. "I wasn't ready for marriage, I suppose. I didn't think much about it. It was somewhere in the future when I expected to meet the right girl, the one I couldn't live without."

He looked straight ahead. "I don't know why I never suspected that it was you until after you were gone."

They crossed a street and went halfway down another block past a row of houses. She heard him breathe deeply, sigh, but it was still his turn, she still had nothing to say. A warm, slow waiting began to take hold of her and she felt completely unhurried about its fulfilment, as if the tangled days behind would unravel themselves.

"I've been a complete and utter fool," he said, and rushed on without allowing her to comment: "I don't know why I had the colossal nerve to ask you to go away with me when I should have asked you to marry me."

She had put him so completely away from her, and now he was rushing back into her life as if he had never been absent. She must have put only the image of him away from her, the mould of his face and body, not the feeling at all. She was so overwhelmingly aware of her feeling for him in this moment that she had to stop walking and stand there and let it take complete possession of her.

He had been walking slowly, so that he stopped almost in the same instant she did.

"Have you any idea how very much I love you, Lucy?" he said.

She stood very still, listening, the waiting almost through.

"I should have come weeks ago and told you," he said. "But I was stubborn, and then I thought—well, I thought maybe I'd get over it, the feeling I had about you." He threw away his cigarette. "I don't think I ever will," he told her.

The end of the waiting spilled out of her. "Vic," she cried. Then she took her hands out of her pockets and he reached for them; and in the knowledge that he had been forgiven and accepted as he had forgiven and accepted her, shook her with his hands holding hers. The night wind blew cold on her warm skin, but it could not quench the warmth within her.

(Copyright)

Women like jobs, the pay, in heavy industry

Employers say they are more reliable than many men

By PAT McKINNON,
staff reporter

Nylon stockings, high-heeled shoes, and lacquered finger-nails are not an unusual sight in the heavy machine shop of A. F. Agnew and Co., Camperdown, N.S.W., where more than 60 women are employed doing work generally considered to be man-sized.

Engaged in the manufacture of louvre window fittings and roller screen blinds, the firm first employed women in their factory about two years ago, and are more than happy with the result.

"WE have found women workers more reliable and efficient than the general run of male labor," said Mr. A. F. Agnew, managing director of the company.

"They are not only very

adaptable to different machines used in the factory, but do their work cheerfully and ungrudgingly."

Mr. Agnew stressed the fact that he hadn't decided to employ women to cut wages.

They are all paid well over the award, earning from £5/17/- a

week. With overtime, many earn up to £12 a week.

The manufacture of the company's products involves about 40 processes, and the machines, "manned" by women, include banking and bending presses, spot-welding machines, electric drills, air riveters, and air presses.

Other processes, such as spray painting and assembly work, are done also mostly by women.

It is not necessary for an apprenticeship to be served for any of these jobs, which are described as precision work, although not highly skilled.

When I visited the factory with a staff photographer, I found the women working happily. With noisy, crashing machinery and sparks from welding machines forming a deafening background the girls told me how much they liked "metal work."

Vivacious Noela Bissaker, of Golden Grove, N.S.W., wearing gold hair combs and a fashionable fringe, deftly slid pieces of steel into the banking and bending press, while she told me that when she started her factory job 11 months ago her brothers "didn't think she would stick it."

"I have seven brothers who are all sheet-metal workers, so you can say this kind of work runs in my family. When I took a job for the first time I didn't see why I couldn't do the same as my brothers," she said.

Displaying her carefully manicured hands, with their red



HAND-RIVETING clips to channel of window fixtures. Girls work happily together on the ten finishing processes, doing such jobs as air-riveting, spray-painting, and general assembly work.

lacquered finger-nails, she said her hand care included the use of a protective cream.

Former shop assistant, Joan Baldwin, of Amundale, N.S.W., said she was attracted to the work by the excellent money, but found that she liked it much better than serving in a shop.

"I was looking for a change and I certainly got it," said Hazel Cleall, of Leichhardt, N.S.W. Hazel was formerly employed as a cutter in a ladies' underwear factory, but has been a sheet-metal worker now for two years.

Neville Mead, foreman of the machine shop, said that the staff under his control are "the nicest crowd of girls you could hope to meet."

"All of them will do anybody else's job and they don't seem to mind how dirty it is," he said.

Apparently the staff thinks as highly of the foreman as he does of them, because they gave him a presentation of a fountain pen and propelling pencil for last Christmas. "Of course, occasionally we get a

temperamental girl, but on the whole they are wonderful," Mr. Mead said, adding that when production gets behind he finds an appeal to the girls for greater effort gets an immediate response.

Since women were first employed in the factory, the percentage of absenteeism has been very low. The management think this is because the girls get used to, and like working, a certain machine, and are frightened to stay away, in case they lose it.

One of the outnumbered men employed in the machine shop, Norman Beresford, foreman of the machine tool section, said that the men worked quite well with the women.

"Occasionally the girls scream at you a bit, as women will," he said, "but we really find them most efficient workers."

Mr. A. F. Agnew, in wholehearted agreement, said, "We have found, and I think it is in common with most manufacturers to-day, that women have a more down-to-earth approach to industry."



FEEDING sheets of metal through blanking machine. At least 60 processes are carried out in the heavy machine shop, where employees, with the exception of foreman and several toolmakers, are all women.

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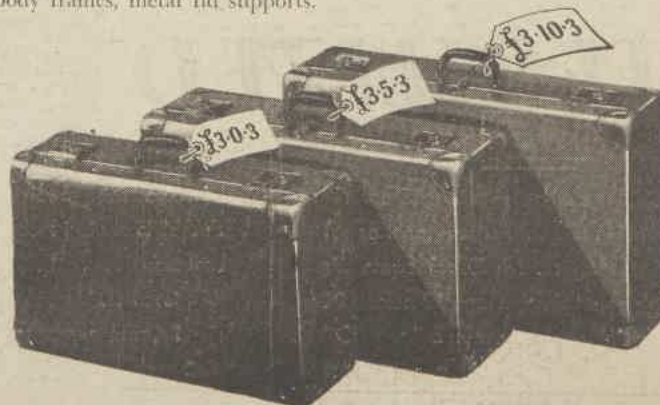
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The Stinker and the Delink Continued from page 5

FATS got no reply. All through the brief scuffle the kid hadn't made a sound. Jimmie could not see him, but he could see the disappointed faces of the delinks. Apparently they hadn't got very much, not even the fun of the stinker's frantic cries.

Jimmie turned back to his comic. He never participated in the welcome given the stinkers, but only because he did not need a share of the few pennies or the small things the delinks took from them.

He was quite accustomed to the practice of initiating them, but he had his own racket and scoffed at the other delinks who depended on the stinkers for their extras. He had forty cents in his pocket and, when darkness came, he planned to get out and spend it.

He would do the round of the newspaper coin boxes on Front Street and then enjoy himself. That was his racket.

Under his blanket he had two copies of an old newspaper. With them under his arm he went the length of Front Street and took a nickel or a dime from each box. He never took all the change because then the newspaper guy would realise he was being robbed. With a nickel or so the stinker probably thought some crummy customers just didn't pay.

None of the fellows knew his racket, but all of them knew how he got out of the Shelter each night. He had laid down the law that, without his permission, nobody could use the washroom window. It was his. He had discovered that the wire screening was fastened to the rotten moulding instead of being sunk into the brick. It was easy to push it out enough to drop on to the fire escape that led down to the alley beside the courthouse.

Fats had challenged the order just once. He had used the washroom window while Jimmie was out. In front of them all, Jimmie had cut and kicked him into a promise never to do it again. Fats was fourteen, a year older than Jimmie, but he was easy licking because Jimmie fought to hurt as well as beat.

He ripped and kneed and never stopped until the other boy no longer had the strength to yell for mercy. Fats was too soft, too blubbery for anybody as wiry and hard-boned.

Jimmie reached for another comic and was startled by the sound of crying. A stinker crying during the day? Usually they waited at night until some delink told them to shut up and then they swallowed their sobs. Then it sounded worse than if they howled right out.

It was the stinker, the new one, and he was right in the next cot, the one that Jimmie kept empty so he wouldn't be bothered at night. The kid was face down on the cot and his shoulders shook. Why cry now, Jimmie wondered, when he hadn't let out a peep during the mobbing. "Hey, hey you, Dave," Jimmie called and leaned over to shake him.

The tears streaked the skinny face and the kid swallowed hard to hold back the sobs. He raised himself on one elbow and Jimmie noticed that his fists were clenched again.

"I ain't got nothin' left, nothin'," the kid said in a strangled voice.

Jimmie laughed. The kid was ready to fight even while he cried! "I don't want nothin'," he told him, "except that you get out that cot. I don't like company." He saw a look of fear pass in a faint rattle across Dave's face. "It ain't nothin' against you, kid, just that I keep that cot empty. There's plenty empty ones down the end there. Take one o' those."

The kid swung his legs over the side wearily. He was trembling again. "All right. I don't care.

I'll go down there. Even if they sock me again. Maybe—maybe I kin catch him one."

"Huh? Whaddya mean?" Jimmie asked. "Who's gonna sock you fer takin' one o' those cots?"

Dave dropped off and stood up, pulling up the sleeves of the sweater. He was getting set to fight. "Those guys. They said I should sleep in this cot or they'd sock me again. But I don't care. I'll go. I'll kill him. He took my—my—"

His voice trailed off and Jimmie grabbed his arm. "What guys? Fats and the rest?"

Dave nodded and Jimmie felt his thin arm struggle under the grip. He let go.

"Wait a while," he ordered. So Fats was feeling wise? He knew Jimmie wanted that cot empty, but he sent a stinker over to use it. "You stay right here," he told Dave. "What'd they take from you?"

The kid hung his head. "A—little—a doll," he yelled at Jimmie. "I always had it. I ain't a sissy. I just always had it an' they took it away." He blubbered even while he knotted his fists. Jimmie remembered one time he had cried like a stinker about something he'd lost, something he couldn't remember except that it was important.

"Well, take it easy," Jimmie said impatiently. "You stay right here."

He found Fats on his cot, holding court. The other delinks sat on the adjoining cots, all of them bored. The brief flurry of excitement caused by the new stinker was over. Now they were waiting for Fats to decide what to do next. Fats sat upright when he saw Jimmie.

"Didja tell that stinker to sleep next to me?" Jimmie asked mildly.

Fats grinned tentatively and looked round at the others. "Just kiddin', Jimmie. I thought we'd have some fun with the stinker."

JIMMIE knew differently. Fats had thought that he would kick the kid out of the cot and then Fats would send him back to it. They'd have a lot of fun shoving the kid backwards and forwards. Only Fats had thought it up to annoy him, Jimmie knew.

"I don't like it," he said quietly. Then his hand snaked out and caught Fats by the hair. "I don't like your kinda fun. Don't do it again."

He yanked hard and pulled Fats' face over his knees. Stepping back, he bumped into somebody and kicked viciously. He pulled Fats over the edge of the cot and kneed his face hard. Then he rabbit-punched with both hands, and Fats fell to the floor.

Jimmie stepped back quickly, but none of the others seemed to want to fight. He kicked Fats along the head, but just skinned him.

"I was just kiddin'," Fats pleaded. "Well, don't kid no more," Jimmie said, slowly. "Now gimme what you took from the stinker."

"We didn't take nothin'," Fats shifted quickly as Jimmie's shoe swiped at his head.

"I said gimme."

"He didn't have nothin' but a doll," Fats pleaded.

"Gimme."

They all scrambled round, and Joey found it under one of the cots. He gave it to Jimmie. It was a scarred, chipped little replica of a baby. Not even a real doll, just a figure. Jimmie wondered what anybody, even a stinker, would want with it. Still, he had to treat it as though it were important.

"All right. I'm gonna let that stinker stay right there. I don't want nobody botherin' him. Understand that?" He kicked at Fats again, not trying to hit him. "You specially, Fats. Mess with that stinker an' you get it the next time."

Please turn to page 29

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TEENA

By
HILDA TERRY
**WINDOW
CLEANER**



ISADORA DUNCAN

Continued from page 18

ISADORA, who had gone back to Paris, was sent the royalties, which amounted to 300,000 francs, but insisted that it all go back to Russia to Yessénin's mother and sisters.

In the years of her success Isadora is reputed to have made a fortune of more than two million dollars; but even this rate of earning could not keep pace with her extravagant living.

Her hopeless squandering of money, no matter how much of it she had, led her time and time again to penury; but proof that the public had not forgotten her and did not wish to neglect her was given in 1925.

When she discovered her house at Neuilly was about to be seized to pay a creditor, she rang the Paris newspapers and told them of her financial state.

The day they published her story 60,000 francs were subscribed, and the house was saved.

During one of her really bad financial periods, when Yessénin was spending all and more than the money she could give him, she day by day sold furniture from her Paris home. This delighted her, as she hated all furniture except cushions and a few good plain tables.

She took infinite care with her backgrounds, especially for her dancing.

Her huge studio in Nice was one of the most effective she ever had.

It was hung with vast blue curtains, and a felt covered the floor, as she always danced on carpet. There were 18 couches covered with old-rose velvet and cushions of the same velvet scattered everywhere.

When she gave recitals here she arranged numerous vases filled with lilies and had subdued light streaming from alabaster lamps.

It was to this studio that Isadora's dead body was brought and she lay in state on one of the huge divans, surrounded by hundreds of candles and masses of flowers. Mary Desti threw over her feet the purple robe in which she had always danced the Resurrection.

Isadora Duncan's art was so much a personal thing that it is impossible for those who did not see her dance to understand the extraordinary power she possessed. Her art has been described as "moving sculpture" rather than dancing, and she had great fascination for world-famous sculptors.

Among these was Rodin, who made many sketches of her, and said:

"She has attained sculpture and emotion effortlessly. She has borrowed from nature that force which cannot be called talent, but which is genius."

The devoted Mary Desti says of Isadora's dancing: "I have seen men weep like children, women sobs that shook their very souls,

BOOKS which give fascinating accounts of Isadora Duncan's life include "My Life," by Isadora Duncan; "Isadora Duncan's End," by Mary Desti; "Isadora Duncan's Russian Days," by Irma Duncan and Allan Ross Macdonnell.

young ballet dancers who came to scoff sit pale and trembling at this miracle of art."

In "Theatre Street" famous ballet dancer Tamara Karsavina says that to her Isadora's dancing was genius and a complete vision of harmony; but that it was personal and could only remain so.

Fokine proved in various of his ballets, Karsavina goes on, that it was possible for dancers with a full ballet technique to get a much greater range of movement than Duncan and her pupils. For all her vividness, Duncan, with her limited vocabulary, could not emulate the achievements of the Russian ballet in its own sphere.

Isadora's unconventionality and eccentricity on her American tour must have given Hurok plenty of grey hairs, but he writes of her influence, quite apart from her dancing:

"It is because Isadora lived that young girls walk with their free, long-legged stride, their straight, strong backs, with their heads high, their bodies healthy and beautiful, their minds free from the conventions, superstitions, taboos that enslaved their grandmothers."

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Page 25

All the best for Christmas

FOR HIM

FOR HER

Smart as a cracker in a box of Havana Brown: Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream, Palmolive After Shave Lotion and Talc for Men, with Colgate Dental Cream, 8/9

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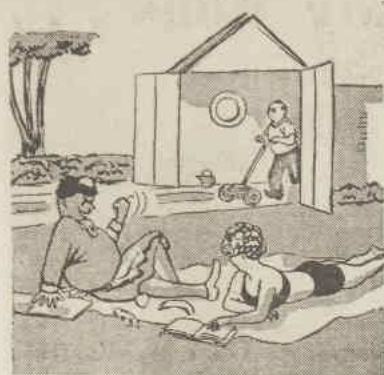
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HAZEL

BUTCH



"What did I tell you?"



"By the way, if you have time in the morning, this ladder belongs to that brick house across the street."

It seems to me...

WITH the Shakespeare Memorial Players' season continuing in Australia, it's as good a time as any to have my fingers on a copy of the quarterly magazine of the Francis Bacon Society, "Baconiana" — a fascinating publication.

I had no idea that the people who maintain Bacon wrote Shakespeare were so vinegary on the subject. There are 184 pages in this little magazine, and there's hardly a page where the hot breath of hatred for Will Shakespeare (the spelling Baconians prefer) doesn't blast the reader. (One article is called, spitefully, Willful Thinking, with the "will" in italics.)

Perhaps the juiciest bit is the attack by a Mr. Edward D. Johnson, of Birmingham, on a Birmingham dramatic critic who was unwise enough to say of Shakespeare in a criticism of "Cymbeline": "Life seemed to have taught him that the greatest trinity of human virtues consists of faith, hope, and charity."

You should just hear what Mr. Edward Johnson had to say about that in a letter which, so the magazine notes, the critic's paper didn't publish.

It ends by saying that Shakespeare "led a mean, uneventful, sordid, and immoral life, without any record of a generous act or a noble deed. How can anyone reasonably apply the word 'charitable' to a man with such a record?"

Mr. Johnson is also the author of a "Shakespeare Quiz," or 100 questions for the Stratfordians to answer. Stratfordians are people who think Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare.

Most of the questions are far too hard for those of us who don't care who wrote Shakespeare as long as someone still puts on the plays. There's one, though, Number 11—"What has become of Shakespeare's armchair which was sold in 1777 and taken away, reappearing again in 1815?"

Your guess is as good as mine.

WHEN a huge replica of the Venus de Milo was erected on the newly constructed Auction and Art Gallery in Manhattan, New York, it was discovered that the chest extended 18 inches beyond the legal building line, and the firm has to pay the City £11 a year rent for the space.

Won't Jane Russell be furious!

OUR triennial car-bashing is now in full cry, over the radio, in halls, and on street corners. There is a mysterious creature, known as the swinging voter, to whom most of this talk is addressed.

I am always inclined to think that the majority of the audiences at political speeches are either for or against the speaker, and are unlikely to deviate by a hair's-breadth from their lifelong opinions. They go along either to shout "hear hear" or "vah yah."

But I once met a girl who, I think, might truly be described as a swinging voter. She was passing through Sydney on her way from Queensland to South Australia a few days before Federal elections.

"Tell me," she asked prettily over a lunch table, "I believe I have to vote by post. Are the candidates the same ones where I'm going as where I've come from?"

I said no, and rather foolishly launched into an explanation of the political parties involved. She cut me short. "Oh, it doesn't matter about that," she said. "Which side is Mr. Menzies on? He has a nice voice so I think I'll vote for him."

By



Dorothy Drain

YOU never want to be too quick to dismiss any theory as an old wives' tale.

Quite a few faces turned pink, mine among them, when the news appeared that a distinguished Canadian scientist believes that atomic bomb explosions do affect the weather.

A great number of non-scientific people have been shaking their heads over peculiar weather and blaming it all on atom bombs. The rest of us have dismissed the thought with a merry laugh, remarking that weather is always peculiar.

The scientist who now says it could be so—he doesn't reveal his name for publication—may be right, or not. But he has certainly cheered up a lot of amateur weather theorists.

He may, too, have struck a valuable blow against atomic warfare. People may be uneasy at the thought of ultimate destruction, but that uneasiness is nothing compared with their day-by-day irritation at the weather.

IT isn't only on large-scale issues that one's convictions get shaken at intervals.

You grow up convinced of all sorts of things, the most important being that you are modern in a world being held back by all sorts of old-fashioned people.

And then what happens? Someone starts to rediscover the old-fashioned ideas and before you know it your modern notions are out of date.

Take the little matter of soda in green vegetables. Many is the polite, mild, but firm, argument I've had with an earlier generation, pointing out the wanton destruction of vitamins by soda. Then I read somewhere the new and startling thought that a weeny bit of soda does no particular harm to the greens at all.

After that, I felt I could be certain of nothing from politics to cooking.

I never, or hardly ever, say "Rubbish" to anything new. I am prepared to believe that a potato carried in the pocket is good for rheumatism.

One of these days someone, mark you, will discover a logical and scientific reason for such a remedy.

SOME remarkable results have been achieved lately at the Pasteur Institute in Paris with a serum being used to rejuvenate elderly people.

A certain amount of success is claimed for the experiment. The part that impressed me most in the list of improvements was the "restoration of optimism."

Is that really one of its effects, why confine the serum to elderly people? Many pessimists are born that way. They don't necessarily grow into pessimists by degrees.

A serum that could be used to cheer up everyone—why the possibilities are limitless!

Of course, it might be a bit tiring with simply everybody being frightfully jolly all the time, slapping you on the back.

There's one point that illustrates the dangers. When they tried the serum on an eighteen-year-old cat she grew positively kittenish. Makes you think, doesn't it?

THE hairdresser aboard the new P. and O. liner Himalaya says that beer rinses for hair were very popular among his women customers during the voyage to Australia.

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Who couldn't agree about beer?
His last bottle went on her hair—
They're divorced now. Isn't it queer?

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and Dyes in all leading furnishing
departments throughout Australia.

Dude ranches for dogs . . .



SMART SKI-SUIT designed for guest by Mrs. Richard Diaz, who runs dude ranches for dogs.

Jaded nerves of tired city animals restored

From VIOLA MacDONALD in Los Angeles

Devoted to the amusement and relaxation of bored dogs, the famous dude ranches for dogs at Palm Springs and Big Bear Lake, California, are the last word in canine comfort.

While the dogs are on vacation, their owners are reassured by frequent "letters" from their pets.

MR. and Mrs. Richard Diaz started the whole venture when they consented to board a few of their friends' dogs at Big Bear Lake 18 years ago, then found themselves swamped with pleas from dog lovers to take their pets for summer and winter vacations.

Now they run another mountain resort for dogs and cats, and maintain a central clearing-house in Pasadena, known as "The Town House for Dogs."

Dog owners learn from a gay red-and-yellow circular of the benefits to be derived from "rest and relaxation in the sunshine, with all the comforts of home," in the two houses which care for 150 pets.

"Daily hikes under supervision, malted milks served after the least exertion, and letters home every single week of the dog's stay at the ranch," are quoted as amenities.

When Greer Garson went off to New Mexico to marry millionaire Buddy Fogelson, she shipped off her French poodle, Go-Go, for a three months' vacation as a dude ranch guest.

Fair, retold Mrs. Diaz writes the letters to the owners after carefully following each dog's itinerary, and after a personal interview with the happily yapping guest.

Greer Garson's poodle's first letter home read as follows:

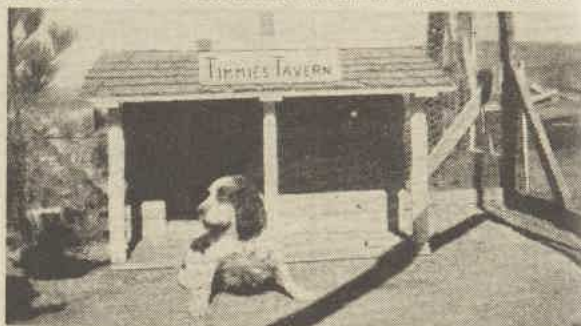
"Dear Greer: Just a line to let you know how well I like it here. Never knew a dude ranch could be so much fun. Everybody adores me, even the other pooches. Our day starts early in the morning with exercise in the woods, chasing tree squirrels and chipmunks. Then breakfast at eight-thirty with eggs and milk over cereal.

"Some of the more 'sissy' dogs get tomato juice, but I like husky ranch fare best. The evening meal is the best yet, with lots of beautiful hamburger.—Your affectionate poodle, Go-Go."

Mrs. Diaz writes letters like this in all seriousness to ports of call around the world. Travellers to Europe or the Orient stop in at Thomas Cook's for the eagerly awaited "letters" from their dogs. Mrs. Diaz has kept up one marathon correspondence for a sea-going dog owner for the past four years, catching him in various ports from Singapore to Sydney, with the latest doings of his sleek, brown dachshund, who has been a paying guest at the Palm



COLLECTING MAIL. Mr. Diaz and guest at mailbox. Dog has not had answer to his last letter, written by Mrs. Diaz to his anxious owner back in town.



CABINS (no one mentions the word kennel) are built to accommodate one or two dogs, according to guests' individual tastes.



IRISH WOLFHOUND becomes acquainted with his hostess, Mrs. Diaz, at canine dude ranch.

Springs ranch since his master left the States.

In their station wagon the Diaz family rushes to meet planes from Chicago, Boston, and Phoenix, when telegrams advise them of the impending summer visits of Buster or Tootsie, whose owners have despatched them for a rest cure at the dude ranch while they themselves fly off to Europe.

Visitors from Bangkok

"WE once had two dachshunds flown to us from Bangkok," reminisced Mrs. Diaz.

"That was in the middle of winter, when we were operating only our mountain resort, up at Big Bear. So we had to zip the dachshunds into ski suits at once, to protect them from the chill mountain air."

"Ski suits?" I repeated incredulously.

"Oh yes," Mrs. Diaz nodded her braided blonde head. "I design them

myself. For all sizes of dogs."

She reached into a cupboard behind her desk, and brought out a red-and-green plaid coat-like garment with elastic-frilled legs.

Besides herself and her husband, Mrs. Diaz has 15 people on her staff. Several of them work at "The Town House," where the dogs assemble before being transported to the ranches. Here, too, they are "beautified" after their rough ranch life.

They are bathed, stripped, pedicured, and curled according to their owners' wishes, and treated to a special "hair-styling" by Jerry Rose, a Scotsman who used to be a professional dog handler.

The Palm Springs dude ranch for dogs is set in an olive grove.

Often Mrs. Diaz rounds up her guests and takes them for an all-night picnic on the desert, where they may sleep under the sky.

The minimum board-and-room rate for her guests is 30 dollars (about £13) a month—that is, for small dogs. Those the size of Great Danes or Newfoundlanders cost exactly twice as much. Even so, the ranches are almost always filled to capacity.

Newspaper columnist E. V. Durling recently sent his sadly overweight terrier to the ranch with strict instructions to make him lose some of his balloon-like appearance.

The dog was put on a special "slimming" diet, and when his master came to collect him he scarcely recognised the sleek pup which bounded to greet him.

When a hound comes home from his days at the dude ranch, he lopes in with a red bandana knotted sportily around his neck, as a souvenir of the good time he has had.

As the dude ranch for dogs advertises: "The outdoor life quiets the nerves, improves the appetite, induces the growth of coat, and renews strength and vitality."

It's a dog's life!

JIMMIE walked away from them, annoyed at himself. He had to show them who was boss, but now he had a stinker on his neck. He threw the little doll on to the cot.

"Here it is. You sleep on that cot. If anybody bothers you, tell me."

The stinker grabbed at the doll as if it were something good to eat, and his eyes were soft and brown, like a puppy's. Jimmie threw himself on his cot. The stinker would probably bowl all night and keep him awake, after he got back all tired out. What a notion, putting stinkers in with delinks.

Jimmie had a good time that night. He took only 35 cents out of the newspaper boxes and ate a couple of hot dogs. Then he went up to the old block to see if any of the fellows were around.

Danny Simpson greeted Jimmie as though he were one of the gang of big guys.

"Out again, Jimmie?" he kidded. Jimmie warmed up to him. Danny was a swell guy. He was always dressed up and could afford to be. He had a good racket, rigging suckers for a pool game.

"I got office hours outside," Jimmie boasted. "Anythin' new?" "Sure, Mrs. Cooley told me she's gonna get you life fer rollin' that drunk."

"I didn't roll him," Jimmie protested. "I got caught afore I could."

Then he saw that Danny was kidding about Mrs. Cooley, the probation officer. She had been upset when they brought Jimmie in, charged with robbing a drunk just outside the Shamrock Bar. But she would never tell Danny that.

"She told me you were the guy who shoulda got life down at the Boys' School when you was a delink," Jimmie said.

"I was always too smart for them," Danny answered modestly. "But I never was able to get outa the Shelter the way you do." Jimmie swelled with pride. "Better get goin' though, kid. O'Reilly is due around soon. I'll see ya around."

Jimmie took in the show at the Palatial before going back to the

The Stinker and the Delink

Continued from page 24

Shelter. He had his own private entrance, the side door. When somebody came out Jimmie caught the door with his foot, then he scooted inside. By the time the usher caught sight of him, he was down the stairs to the men's room and up the other stairs to the far side of the lobby.

The usher never chased Jimmie because he never knew whether he was just a decoy and a whole gang would pour in and disappear in the darkness.

Jimmie climbed halfway up the fire escape before he noticed that the lights were on in the boys' dormitory. At first he thought that maybe somebody had found out about him and he started back down the iron steps. But then he started thinking about it. It could be that one of the stinkers was sick. If so, the lights would be turned off in a hurry and he could sneak in.

If Mrs. O'Leary had noticed he was gone he'd just have to bluff his way on it in the morning. At least, he should find out what had happened. If he beat it now, they'd really start looking for him and when they caught him it would be the county gaol, not the soft touch he had at the Shelter.

He climbed back up the fire escape and over the railing to get at the window next to his washroom window. He could see part of the dormitory through the thick screen, down to the corner where his cot was. Most of the fellows were sitting up in bed and watching Mrs. O'Leary down there. Old Clem, the night watchman, was with her and they were talking in front of an empty cot.

Jimmie cursed. One of the guys might have beat it, using his window. Or they might be missing him. He counted the cots from the far wall. His was number six, but they were in front of the fifth cot, the one the new stinker had. It was empty. Jimmie looked at his own cot and nearly fell off the window ledge. Somebody was in it.

He could see only the back of the head, the dark hair spread on the pillow, but there was a body under the thin grey blanket.

Jimmie decided he had better see what was going on. He had nothing to lose. He skinned under the washroom screen and tiptoed to the door. Mrs. O'Leary and Clem were still down there. Jimmie started to rip off his clothes. He kept the long underwear on and rolled his stuff in his pants and shoved the bundle behind a water basin.

Then he rumbled his hair and started slowly out of the washroom, eyes half closed and his bare feet shuffling. He got halfway down the aisle between the cots before they noticed him.

"By—by gosh, it's Jimmie," Mrs. O'Leary exclaimed.

Jimmie ambled up to them, a stocky, sleepy figure. "Anybody sick, Mrs. O'Leary?"

She gulped and looked at his cot. Whoever it was had the blanket up over his face so that only the top of the head was showing. The body was rigid, did not even seem to be breathing.

"Who—who's that in your bed, Jimmie?" Mrs. O'Leary asked.

"Huh? In my bed? Ain't nobody in it." Then he opened his eyes wide. "Oh, you mean my old bed. I swapped with that new stinker to-day."

MRS. O'LEARY heaved a relieved sigh. "We thought you were in that bed and Dave was gone."

"Oh. How could he beat it, Mrs. O'Leary? He was fast asleep when I went into the washroom."

Old Clem shuffled forward, peered down at him. "You wasn't in the washroom a little bit ago, Jimmie. I looked."

"Yes I was," Jimmie winked at Mrs. O'Leary. "He don't see much. Too much booze."

"Why, yer misbegotten—"

Mrs. O'Leary stamped her foot and the floor shook. "Clem, don't you go cursin' him out. Jimmie doesn't give any trouble. Except look at him. He hasn't put on his night-gown. Jimmie, how many

times have I told all of you not to sleep in your underwear?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'll change now. I was tired. Kin I go back to bed now?"

He waited till they were through the door and the lights snapped off. Clem still arguing with Mrs. O'Leary. Then he shook the rigid form in his bed.

"That you, Dave?"

There was a tentative stirring.

"Y-yes, Jimmie?"

"Yep. What happened? Keep it low."

He felt the kid's head come close to his. "I—I was scared they might pull the blanket away."

Jimmie put an arm out and it fell on the kid's back. He was trembling. "It's okay. They went. But how'd they find out?"

Dave started shaking more violently. "I—I can't tell ya."

"You—?" Jimmie stopped to consider. "Somebody said you shouldn't tell?"

The kid began to sob. "He—he said he'd kill me if I told . . . but—but I don't care."

Jimmie got stiff. "Who?"

"It was Fats. He come over an' felt around your bed. Then he told me. He said he'd throw me off the fire escape."

Jimmie patted his back. "Quit yer shakin'. He ain't gonna do that. Because he's gonna get throw'd off first. So when he told you, ya got inter my bed?" Dave sobbed but said nothing. "Well, you take it easy, kid. Fats ain't gonna be able to touch ya."

He climbed into his own cot and wondered about the stinker. He had tried to cover up for Jimmie even though Fats threatened him and he could have been discovered by Mrs. O'Leary.

Why should he stick his neck out? It was strange. He heard Dave sob only once or twice before his breathing became regular and blended with the rest of the breathing and snores and night noises of the dark dormitory. Above the subdued chorus was the sound of some stinker down at the end, whimpering and pleading in a high voice.

FATS was found on the washroom floor after breakfast. He had fought against going out the washroom window and was too heavy for Jimmie to force. They had scuffled and then Jimmie caught him in the groin with a solid kick and dropped him to the tile floor. He pounded Fats' head on the floor. Then he had washed his hands and gone back into the dormitory to get his breakfast plate.

His face was stony as he watched Mrs. Cooley come down the dormitory, questioning each of the kids. He knew nobody would tell. He'd sent word around that Fats had told on him and got just what he deserved.

When Mrs. Cooley reached him, he could see she was worried. "Jimmie, do you know anything?" she asked. Her voice was deep and sweet.

Jimmie always did like her, but classed her with the social workers. Give a social worker half a chance and she'll have you in Sunday school before you're awake.

"Bout what, Mrs. Cooley?" he asked.

"You know. About Roy. He is badly hurt. We had to take him to a hospital. It's serious, Jimmie." It was the first time he had known that Fats' name was Roy.

"I don't know nothin', Mrs. Cooley. I was eatin' my breakfast an' I heard the fellows yell an' I ran an' there was Fats all laid out."

She sighed. "All right, Jimmie." She turned towards Dave and then back again. "But before breakfast, Jimmie?"

"I was asleep." He stared straight at her as he said it.

She turned away without another word and Jimmie got tense. Dave was just a stinker, after all, and Mrs. Cooley was smart.

"What's your name, sonny? I don't remember you."

"Dave." He clipped it and held on to himself. But he started shaking again. Jimmie was disgusted. Any time anything happened, the kid shook.

Please turn to page 34

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Do you know?

DOG WEARS FALSE TEETH!

PEEK! A LITTLE LONDON DOG WEARS FALSE TEETH! SHE REMOVES THEM EACH NIGHT BEFORE SLEEPING!

SHEEPISH TOOTHACHE CURE

IN ENGLAND, REFUSING LAMB ON EASTER DAY WAS ONCE THOUGHT TO PREVENT TOOTHACHE! YOU CAN PREVENT TOOTHACHE BY USING KOLYNOS DAILY - SEEING YOUR DENTIST REGULARLY. KOLYNOS BUBBLES LEAVE YOUR TEETH ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN, SPARKLING WHITE

MILLIONS OF ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES GUARD AGAINST DENTAL DECAY

Kolynos is a quick action cleanser. It bursts into a seething foam of millions of tiny, antiseptic bubbles which surge right into every crevice. Kolynos removes dangerous food deposits and acid-forming enzymes. Kolynos leaves your teeth surgically clean...guards against dental decay.

EASY WAY TO SAVE MONEY!

SAVE MONEY EVERY TIME YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH - WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS GOES TWICE AS FAR BECAUSE HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY! IT'S CONCENTRATED

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

How you Taste!

YOUR TONGUE IS EQUIPPED WITH APPROXIMATELY 3,000 TASTE BUDS FOR YOU TO SENSE FLAVOUR. YOUR TASTE BUDS APPRECIATE THE STIMULATING FLAVOUR OF KOLYNOS. IT LEAVES YOUR MOUTH COOL AND REFRESHED. YOU'LL LOVE THE "FEEL" OF KOLYNOS.

KOLYNOS CLEANS BETTER, TASTES BETTER, LASTS LONGER

CAREER CLOTHES IN FILM . . .



DECOLLETE princess frock for an informal dance or dinner date has bolero jacket for day wear in office.



WORK-A-DAY frock of pale grey silk shantung is given an air by white collar and cuffs and black cravat to match the trim black patent belt.



DIAPHANOUS dotted black net over satin, with satin shoestring bows, makes an informal dance frock.



INDISPENSABLE suit for any city job-holder is made by Sophie in black-and-white pin-checked wool.

● Sophie of Saks, Fifth Avenue, New York, designed these frocks for Claudette Colbert to wear in her new film, "Bride For Sale." As she plays the part of a successful career-girl all her clothes are specially planned to suit a business woman, combining glamor with smartness.

Here's a really different
Christmas Gift -

for your younger girl friends . . . your daughter or a favourite niece



The CHILDREN'S PICTURE COOK BOOK

THRILLING! PRACTICAL! LASTING!

How important a youngster feels when she makes something—and knows how! "The Children's Picture Book" is planned to teach your girls—and boys—the useful, grown-up art of cooking. Bound sturdily and gaily printed in colour, it tells in simple words and vivid picture-strips how to make tasty things to eat—and how to do it correctly. They'll be on tip-

toe to try the recipes for goodies like Peanut Brittle, Ginger Snaps, Lemonade and Lemon Pudding—and the more everyday dishes like Bacon and Eggs and Cup Cakes. Not just for a Christmas thrill—but for endless fun and treats with their friends—give your girls—and boys—this Book that makes a game of learning how interesting cooking can be!

5/- VALUE FOR ONLY 2/6!

MAIL THIS VOUCHER NOW!

★ FILL IN BOTH BLANKS, USING BLOCK LETTERS

Dept. C.,
Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd.,
Parramatta, N.S.W.

Please send me, by return mail, one copy of "The Children's Picture Cook Book," for which I enclose postal note for 2/6.

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If not claimed within 7 days, please return to Box 80, Parramatta, N.S.W.



For better bakes
and puddings and cakes
use only

Self Raising Flour or Baking Powder
containing

CREAM OF TARTAR

LABOR

will continue to give you leadership in the cause of

WORLD PEACE

LABOR has always maintained that an essential to raising the living standards of the world is the preservation of world peace. War brings poverty, misery and suffering as well as death to the great masses of the people. For this reason, Australia must play her full part in promoting peace on a just and lasting basis.

Australia has been ably represented in the councils of the world by Dr. H. V. Evatt. The United Nations, under the Presidency of Dr. Evatt, has already had very considerable success in preventing wars and bloodshed.

In this election, there is no issue so important to YOU (and Australia) as world peace. It is the most compelling of all reasons why you *must*



Dr. H. V. Evatt, as President of the United Nations Assembly, addressing delegates:

"The objective of the United Nations is the prevention of war and the substitution of methods of conciliation and arbitration for those of force and violence. The injury that may soon be done to all peoples as a result of modern scientific invention is so vast that war, however restricted by rules and regulations, is bound to threaten permanent devastation of the human race. Enemy No. 1 is therefore war."

Vote
LABOR

PANTOMIME IS ALWAYS THE SAME



FAMOUS "DAME," Jim Gerald, who has a career of 30 years in panto behind him. This is his dame costume for J. C. Williamson's panto "The House That Jack Built," produced in 1928.



SCENE from "Dick Whittington" with Jenny Howard in front of the juvenile chorus.

This year's young audiences will delight in old favorites

Pantomime time is almost here and the same old endearing characters will appear again in spectacular new settings.

Principal boys, fairies, good and bad, and dames are polishing up their roles for the glittering shows that are almost the same as they were generations ago, though there may be a helicopter or atom bomb thrown in for good measure this year.

EXPERIENCE gained in 30 years of panto will contribute to Jim Gerald's performance as Dame when he dons his blonde wig this Christmas.

Looking back over his career in English and Australian pantomime, Jim says that it is the one thing unchanged in this changing world.

"Classic fairy stories of the pantomimes must be told exactly as the stories were originally written," he said.

"Any messing about with a famous fairy story enrages juvenile audiences. They feel much as students of opera or ballet must do when Spike Jones jazes up the classics.

"You've got to be good to impress kids," Jim said. "They know all the characters so well, and love a lot of them. Panto is a specialist's job."

He says modern children are not any more sophisticated than children were when he was a youngster.

"It's the fellow in the panto who gets pushed round who gets all their sympathy," Jim said.

Though the children dearly love the principal characters in panto, the singing and dancing of the juve-

nile artists is always the big feature in pantomimes, and provides the real delight, he concedes.

"No panto would be complete without the babies."

It is the heavy demand on juvenile talent that causes the season to be limited to five weeks at Christmas. Children may take part only during the school holidays.

"The pantomime season is really the great kindergarten of the theatre," Jim Gerald maintains.

"Even among the three-year-old song and dance stars I can always recognise kiddies who will make the grade," he claims.

"I started as a kid of seven, and I'm still stage-struck."

Son of Shakespearean actor Stephen Australia Gerald, Jim followed in the footsteps of his father and three brothers by going into show business.

Years later, in vaudeville, he had a bad fall during an acrobatic stunt.

It turned out to be a good fall in a way, he said, because he married the girl who nursed him. She was Essie Jennings, then known as Australia's Gibson Girl, and the proud possessor of an 18-inch waist.

They formed a comedy team, and then Jim really got into his stride as a comedian.

But Jim's biggest stage thrill came when Sir Ben Fuller offered him the role of Dame in a Christmas pantomime.

Jim says the only "new" pantomime he has ever run across was a fantasy written round Australia's mystic creature, the binyip. It was produced about 25 years ago, and was a great success. Queenie Paul was the principal boy, and Stiffy and Mo were featured.

Missing from present-day pantomime is the harlequinade after the show which used to round off the night for Edwardian pantomimegoers.

"Spectacular epilogues in mime used to feature special turns by comedians, clowns, and comedy policemen," says Mr. Gerald.

"A demons' scene also had a great vogue. Teams of circus acrobats dressed as demons performed Mandrake-like stunts on a stage transformed into an inferno. Trick sets enabled them to disappear through 'solid' brick walls and shoot up again through concealed trap-doors in the floor of the stage.

"Rocketed from springs they used

PRINCIPAL BOY in lavish Australian pantomimes for years, Amy Rochelle poses in one of the costumes she wore in "Red Riding Hood" panto in 1926.

AMY ROCHELLE in versions of "Cinderella" scene of one of the velvet, diamond-studded heeled with mesh cut

to shoot up from terrific speed."

Lush memories of days' of pantomime by Amy Rochelle, retiring from the stage principal boy in 1926 for 18 comedienne.

Miss Rochelle's pantomime began about 1910, joined Fuller's comedy principal boy in "Babes"

Before that she was in revue at the Strand town, at a salary of

Her first panto was the thirteenth salary of £29 a week, by horror at having to in the principal boy.

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Old-time extra

MISS ROCHELLE

day's children de-

tomime in the extra-

took in the old days

"We would play in

in Sydney one seat,

the next, and doing

different versions of

any time, I never re-

tune two years then

Miss Rochelle of

would be accompa-

chestra of from 15 to

beautiful scenery, in

One of the main

panto, never was a

transformation set

sisted of a series of

tains, often number

15, each lavishly

Slowly one curtain

OUR

THE hilarious

dancer and the

and co-writer

Sadler's Wells

Frederick Ash

The Sadler's

chief male dancer

where Helman

New York critic

Other panto

appear on page



CLOSE-UP of happy comedian Jim Gerald makes a good-looking if masculine "dame." Jim will don his wig again this season to appear in "Red Riding Hood" panto opening at the Kings Theatre, Melbourne, on December 17.



GLAMOR "DAME" in this costume, Jim Gerald wears lush satin and lace for his portrayal of Mother Goose in "The Palace of Gold."

ONLY THE TRIMMINGS CHANGE



has played the role of the 'good old' for finale. For finale she wore this black tunic, red and magenta shoes.

where at a ter-

of the "good old" are recalled, who, before re- played principal pantomimes years.

career in panto- and 1916 when she went to play prin- to the Wood."

had been playing the Theatre, New- of 44 a week.

on to a career in the following swiftly to show her legs costumes.

extravagance.

LE says that to- don't know pan- extravagant form it is.

the same panto at and Melbourne though I played five of "Cinderella" in the same costume.

that the panto played by an or- 45 musicians, and lavish sets.

features of today, was the This con- of beautiful cur- from 12 to considered.

after another

CINDERELLA COVER

A picture on our cover this week shows Australian photographer Robert Helpmann (left) and his friend Frederick Ashton, as the Ugly Sisters in the production of the ballet "Cinderella," for which he did the choreography.

the Wells Company, of which Robert Helpmann is now a member, is having a triumphant tour through America, and the ballet "Hamlet" was received with acclaim by the public.

of Helpmann and members of the company on 10 and 11.



WHITE KID was used for whole of this costume Miss Rochelle wore in "Mother Goose," produced about 1922. Laced white kid shoes and leggings cost £24 even in those days.

would be raised disclosing breath-taking scenes of splendor.

"For the finale of one production of 'Cinderella' the whole of the stage was a lake of water made tepid so that 'mermaids' could frolic in it," Miss Rochelle said.

"This lake was the scene for a funny mistake made by a prop man. The producer had asked him to get some small ducklings to be seen swimming on the lake. He arrived with two enormous ducks for the dress rehearsal.

"We giggled our way through the lake scene to the accompaniment of loud indignant quack-quackings."

Queenie Paul, widow of comedian Mike Connors, was another noted principal boy of a couple of decades ago, including the season as principal boy in "The Bunyip," presented by Sir Ben Fuller.

Miss Paul, who played for seven consecutive seasons in pantomime, agrees with other old-timers that "those were the days."

Other famous players who thought it an honor to appear in panto in the past are Gladys Moncrieff, Ella Early, Maggie Dickinson, Maude Fane, Rene Dickson, Heather Gale, and Eve Gray.

Mr. Ralston ("Ginger") James, who has had long experience in producing Christmas pantomimes for Tivoli Theatres, Ltd., says that the children undoubtedly prefer the traditional panto.

Mr. James made the preliminary arrangements for the production of "Cinderella" in Sydney before leaving for New Zealand to super-



APPLE-GREEN dull satin with gold-trimmed pockets and trimmed cap was another attractive costume for "Red Riding Hood." Miss Rochelle's starting salary as principal boy was £9.

vises the production of "Mother Goose."

He said he was particularly thrilled at the New Zealand assignment as he will be giving New Zealanders their first panto for 11 years.

"A whole new generation over there have never seen pantomime," he said.

Small Sydneysiders will be thrilled with Cinderella's magic coach in the "Cinderella" panto, which will open at the Tivoli this season.

Mr. James regards it as a trump card. "It's really beautiful," he said. "Tiny squares of mirror form the whole of the exterior, and these when they reflect the various spot-lights give a wholly unreal and magical effect."

Modern Cinderella Molly Duval played the title role for four years at the Sydney Tivoli during the war years, and loved every minute of her panto appearances.

Petite, blonde Molly, who in appearance fits the story-book idea of Cinderella to perfection, says the children who play such a large part in the story, even though acting in the production themselves, really believe the stage Cinderella is the girl herself.

"I overheard an argument between two children in the cast as to whether or not Cinderella, as they called me, wore shoes. They had both seen me on stage without shoes, but one of the children insisted that I wore shoes, adding, 'I live next door to Cinderella' to prove her point," said Miss Duval.

"The children know every bit of the story, and, in fact, often set the adults on the right track."

Miss Mercia George, principal of the Maurice Diamond School of Dancing, has been supervising the juvenile chorus of the Sydney Tivoli pantomimes for the past 10 years.

"Some of my techniques have been



EXTRAVAGANT costumes such as this white brocaded satin and lace-trimmed model are typical of principal boy roles of the twenties. Note Louis heels, then height of fashion.

appearing regularly for years, and at the age of nine or ten are quite seasoned performers," she said.

"Imagine what a shock I received when I told them that this Christmas the panto would be 'Cinderella,' only to receive a blase answering chorus: 'Oh, no! Not 'Cinderella' again!'"

Most grown-ups feel they must be accompanied by youngsters as an excuse for their nostalgic affection for pantomime.

We already know of several business girls who are cloaking their passion for panto by looking around for some tots to take with them.



JENNY HOWARD as Dick Whittington. Popular Jenny arrives back from England on the Strathmore in time to open in panto at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne, on December 23.



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MRS. COOLEY

looked at him kindly.

"Oh, Dave," she said, "Did—did you hear or see anything?"

The kid shook his head.

"You're sure, Dave? You didn't see anybody hit Roy?"

Again Dave shook his head, but he started to work his lips as though he were choking something back.

"But I'm glad," Dave finally blurted out.

"But why, Dave? The poor boy is in a serious condition."

"I don't care. I'm glad."

Jimnie felt he had to stop it. "All the stinkers hate Fats, Mis' Cooley. He's tough on 'em. See Dave's lip?"

She looked at the split lip, then at Jimmie. "Did you do it, Jimmie? Because of that?"

He laughed scornfully. "Me beat up a guy fer a stinker? Naw, Mis' Cooley. Not me."

She took a long look at Jimmie and he squirmed under it. Not much got by her, that he knew. She turned on her heels and did not even follow down the row of cots to question the other fellows. She went on out of the dormitory.

Jimnie followed her with his eyes, wondering. It could be that Dave had put her wise. He looked at the kid, wanting to swipe him for opening his mouth. But Dave's brown eyes were pleading and Jimmie remembered that, once Fats recovered consciousness, he probably would tell them. He had told once.

He thought about it all day. This, on top of all the other delinquencies on his record, would be certain to send him to the Boys' School, the reform school downstate. There was no way out of it, he concluded. The thing to do was get out and start going.

With the problem settled he sat up on his cot and looked around him. Dave was sitting opposite him, staring patiently.

"Say, Dave," Jimmie said offhand, "you did pretty smart last night. Got me out a hole."

"You ain't sore at me?"

"Huh? You mean 'cause of what you said to Mis' Cooley? No. I kin take care o' myself. Fats'll tell 'em anyway."

"Ain't you scared what they'll do?" Dave's eyes worshipped him.

Continued from page 29

"Me?" Jimmie smiled out of one corner of his mouth. "They'll have to catch me first, kid. I get out every night, don't I? I kin get out to-night."

"You—you ain't comin' back?"

"Don't you split about it, Dave," Jimmie said quickly, and got a violent nod in return. "You're okay, Dave, fer a stinker. When're your folks comin' fer ya?"

"I dunno. I got no people, 'cept my aunt, and she kicked me out."

"Oh. Well, you'll stay here till you go to the orphanage." Jimmie thought about it. The kid would be a sucker for the delinks. He'd try to fight back all the time.

The big, brown eyes were close to being tearful again. "Kin I go with you, Jimmie? Kin I? I won't be a kid, honest I won't!"

Jimnie looked at him so long he almost agreed.

"No, Dave," he replied at last. "They'll catch me an' it's the reform school after that. You wouldn't like it. The orphanage is much better. Honest, it is. I wouldn't kid ya. You better stay."

Dave swallowed a number of sobs and tried to look brave. He dug into his pocket.

"I guess I didn't really expect you to take me. Here"—he held out his hand—"you, you kin have my doll."

He pushed it into Jimmie's hand and threw himself on the cot.

Then he really cried. He sobbed and bawled and it made Jimmie feel terrible. He'd heard stinkers cry before, but they never had bothered him. He looked at the little doll Dave had given him and remembered what it probably meant to the kid. It was something he had had before anybody was after him, before he had to be scared of people.

Jimnie crossed over to him and patted his shoulder.

"Cut that stuff out, Dave. You're a crybaby. Here, take the doll. I don't need it. Cut out the howlin' an' look at me. I owe ya fer last night. How about if we both went out fer some fun to-night an' then I'll bring ya back?"

The Stinker and the Delink

Dave nodded hard through his tears and smiled.

They started out with Dave trembling beside him all the way down the fire-escape and up the alley until they had reached the street. Then Dave's hand relaxed in his and Jimmie was able to relax, too. The kid shivered too much. He'd never make a delink.

Jimnie and Dave had hot dogs first at a stand near the movie on Front Street. Then they skinned into the Palatial and saw a pretty good picture. By the time they got out and had another hot dog Dave was all himself. He bubbled and chattered away while his big eyes stared at the people.

Jimnie enjoyed having him along. It was the same kind of night he'd had lots of times, but somehow it seemed more fun with the little stinker being so surprised about things. He thought of the darkness and cold out in the country later and wished he could have company.

They went out to the old block to

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say good-bye. Jimmie knew that Danny probably would wonder what happened to him if he didn't show up, and decided to tell him he was clearing out. Danny would think it was quite a stunt for a young delink like him.

"Hey, Danny!" Jimmie shouted from the corner. "Been lookin' fer ya."

Danny was up against the drug-store, as usual, but he didn't look happy to see Jimmie. From his other side appeared Patrolman O'Reilly, who had been standing there, chatting.

"Well, well, if it ain't little Jimmie who's down at the Shelter right now," O'Reilly said. Then he noticed Dave, who was clinging to Jimmie's hand. "Who's this ye got with ye?"

"Nobody, Mr. O'Reilly," Jimmie looked back. The sidewalk was clear. He could cut down the alley between the drugstore and the pool-room. He started to pry his hand loose from Dave's, but stopped. They'd give the stinker the works.

"Looks like you're for it, Jimmie," Danny said. "Who's the kid?"

"He's just a stinker down at the Shelter."

Danny laughed. "Seems like you can't tell these kids nothin', O'Reilly. I told Jimmie not to get mixed up with no stinkers. Looks like you got yourself into it this time, Jimmie."

Officer O'Reilly did not seem pleased. "All right, ye criminals, come on. I ain't gonna ring the waggon fer the likes of you."

They spent the night in the city gaol. All the way there Dave clung to Jimmie, and once in the cell he plucked at his sweater. "Jimmie, did I—was it my fault?"

Jimnie was a little uncertain himself, with the unfamiliar surroundings of the cell and the click of the barred door.

"Aincha never been in the clink afore?" he said airily. "Doncha worry, we ain't in trouble. The Juvenile Court people'll come fer us in the mornin'. You better get some sleep. Ye're shakin' again."

Please turn to page 35



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IT was much better in the morning. Dave was rested and he was curious about things, not scared. He even laughed when Jimmie asked the turnkey for a can opener so they could get out of the goal. It was a crack Danny had made once.

A city cop took them over to Juvenile Court early and they sat on the hard benches, watching the worried-looking men and women with their bawling kids.

When Mrs. Cooley came out of the office for them, Jimmie swaggered along in front of her, holding Dave's hand. He wasn't too worried. He knew what he would get and probably the stinker would get off. Probation officers are suckers for kids that cry and say they won't do it again.

He himself had given that up a long time ago. He could take anything they threw at him.

Mrs. Cooley concentrated on Jimmie. "I don't have to tell you what this means, do I?"

"Naw. I know. Boys' School."

"It's no fun down there, Jimmie. You'll have to stay till you're twenty-one because you have no folks to be paroled to."

Jimmie nodded and smiled. If they thought they could hold him once he got wise to the place, they had another think coming.

"Fats was able to talk last night, Jimmie," she continued. "I saw him in the hospital."

He shrugged. What difference did it make? He could go to the reform school for laying out Fats just as well as for anything else.

"Too bad he could talk. If he'd got at Dave, the stinker wouldn't be able to talk."

"Oh!" she sort of gasped. "So that's the way it was? Fats told me he told Jimmie."

He kicked out at the desk. She'd tricked him. He had just assumed that Fats would tell. Why didn't he keep his mouth shut?

"Jimmie done it for me," Dave blurted out, so tense that he almost fell off the chair. "Fats was gonna push me off the fire-escape."

"I see. Why was he going to do that, Dave?" she asked quietly.

"Cause I— He bit down on his tongue and hung his head.

The Stinker and the Delink

Continued from page 34

Jimmie smiled at Mrs. Cooley. He was proud of the kid. When it came to the clutch, he knew how to keep his mouth shut.

"Well, it doesn't matter now," she sighed. "It seems a shame, though, that you got Dave into trouble, too, Jimmie. I was going to try to get him into somebody's home; maybe some people who would adopt him later on. Now I suppose I'll have to send him to the Boys' School, too."

"Oh, willya, ma'am, willya? Kin I go with Jimmie?"

Jimmie turned on him fiercely, angrier because it was his fault. "Shut up, ya stinker. You don't know what it's like down there."

But that ain't fair, Mis' Cooley. That stinker didn't have nothin' to do with it."

"He left the Shelter, didn't he?"

"No, I mean, yes. But look, I took him out. I was gonna bring him back, honest I was, Mis' Cooley. I just took him for a good time. He ain't never even had orange pop. Don't send him up, Mis' Cooley. Them delinks down there'd murder him. You hadn't oughta send him down there. Put it on my record. Say I made him go with me, willya, Mis' Cooley?"

"Aw, Jimmie, I wanna go with you. You could take care of me," Dave pleaded, the tears beginning to come.

"Look, ya baby, that ain't no place for you, so cut it out. Please, Mis' Cooley, why can't she send him to the orphanage at least?"

"Too late for that now, Jimmie. They won't take delinquents."

"Him a delink?" Jimmie laughed scornfully. "Mis' Cooley, he ain't even growed up to be a stinker yet."

She looked at him hard and in a way that made him feel uneasy, as though she could see what he didn't want to say. "One thing I can't understand. Why should you care what happens to Dave? You never cared about anybody as long as I've known you."

"Take a look at him. He ain't got nothin' but bones an' he shakes all the time when he gets scared. Look at his hands. He ain't got enough to tickle a guy with in a scrap. He's got to have somebody

to take care of him. He ain't never gonna make a good delink. He—he even got a doll. Doncha see, Mis' Cooley, he—"

Jimmie stopped in shocked surprise. It was getting hard to talk. There was a lump in his throat. He felt his eyes burn. He was going to cry. Like a stinker, he was going to cry!

Mrs. Cooley watched him and then smiled. "I think I see, Jimmie." She got up from the desk and went to the window.

Jimmie was grateful. He didn't want her to see him crying like a stinker.

"I had a wonderful place all picked out for him, too," she said from the window. "On a farm. Very nice people. Their children are all grown up and they'd like to have somebody around."

EXCITEDLY, Jimmie jumped up from his chair.

"That's it, Mis' Cooley. A farm! That's just the thing for him. Lots of milk an' things. You'd like a farm, Dave, with chickens an' horses an' things. Why doncha, Mis' Cooley? You could pin it all on me an' work it easy."

"I'd rather go with you, Jimmie," Dave pleaded.

"Shut up afore I paste ya one," Jimmie told him. "Don't listen to him, Mis' Cooley. He don't know what it's like at the reform school."

She waited a while, then walked back to her desk. "Maybe I could still arrange it, Jimmie, and I think you're right. Dave does need somebody to take care of him. That's the trouble. The Johnsons want a boy who's grown up, like you."

Jimmie thought quickly. "It won't take long for him to get wise, Mis' Cooley. He's pretty smart."

His heart sank when she shook her head. Then he shrugged his shoulders. Well, it didn't work, so what?

He sat down again and watched Dave. The kid was shaking away while his eyes darted from one to the other.

"There might be one way of arranging it, though," Mrs. Cooley said thoughtfully. "I don't know. Judge Palmer would have to decide it. If he would be willing to put Dave on probation to somebody who would watch out for him for a while, until he's grown up—say, somebody like you. That's if you'd be willing to do it."

Jimmie eyed her suspiciously. "I don't get it, Me? I ain't no probation officer."

She smiled. "I know, but we could sort of make you one. We probate children—to—er—grown-ups lots of times."

Dave found his voice and shrieked: "Jimmie, Jimmie, we could be on the farm together." He ran to Jimmie and pulled on his arm. "Please, Jimmie." He couldn't go on. He started blubbering and his head sank to Jimmie's lap while the sobs shook his thin shoulders.

Jimmie looked down at him with disgust.

"Ya see how he is, Mis' Cooley? The stinker!" He ran his hand through Dave's hair and patted him. "You ain't kiddin', Mis' Cooley?"

"I was never more serious, Jimmie."

Dave mumbled something and Jimmie yanked at his hair.

"I don't want yer doll, ya little stinker." He thought about it and Dave raised his head, the tears streaming. "Oh, all right! I guess somebody's got to take care of ya. Holy cow, me on a farm. Wait'll Danny hears about that." Dave gave a strangled gasp and hugged Jimmie.

"Cut it out. Can the waterworks. We'll go to the farm, but you better act right. You don't get to be a delink like me, understand?"

Dave smiled while he sniffled and sobbed and shook.

"Aw, ya stinker!" Jimmie said softly, and smiled back at him. He felt all mushy inside. "Ain't he the stinker, though, Mis' Cooley?"

Jimmie looked up at her and didn't mind that she could see the tears in his own eyes. She was smiling into a handkerchief herself.

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LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Arrived at the Kingdom of Karana, ruled by
KARA and KARON: Who are twin sister and brother. The twins fall in love with Mandrake and Narda.

Under the country's law if one marries the other must give up the throne and go into exile, so each determines to marry first. Separately they plot, trying to capture Mandrake and Narda by dragging their coffee, but fail. They plan another scheme.

NOW READ ON:



MANDRAKE, NARDA AND LOTHAR ARE SEEING THE SIGHTS IN KARANA. THE OLD INDIAN ROPE TRICK. "WONDERFUL!" CRIES NARDA. "OH, MANDRAKE, HOW DOES IT WORK?"



THEY SEE BAREFOOTED FAKIRS WALKING ON LIVE COALS. "HOW DO THEY DO IT?" DEMANDS NARDA. "MANDRAKE SMILES. "WE MAGICIANS CAN'T GIVE AWAY TRADE SECRETS," HE LAUGHS.



"YOU'RE TERRIBLE, YOU WON'T TELL ME ANYTHING" POUTS NARDA. "SEE THE LADY VANISH BEFORE YOUR EYES. STEP IN, LADY," INVITES ANOTHER STREET MAGICIAN...



"I'M GOING TO DO IT," SAYS NARDA, STEPPING INTO THE BOOTH. "AT LEAST, I'LL KNOW HOW THIS TRICK WORKS." "LADY VANISH BEFORE YOUR EYES," CHANTS THE FAKIR, AS HE LOWERS THE CANVAS.



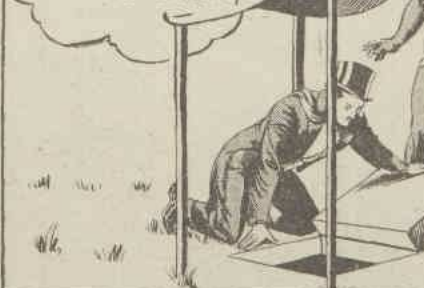
"HOKI POKI DOKI WOKI," CHANTS THE FAKIR. WAVING A FLAMING STICK. "LADY VANISH - BINGO!"



HE LIFTS THE CANVAS, NARDA HAS DISAPPEARED! "VERY CLEVER," SAYS MANDRAKE. "NOW BRING HER BACK." "I CAN'T!" CRIES THE FAKIR, AS HE DASHES AWAY.



"NEVER MIND HIM, LOTHAR," SAYS MANDRAKE. "HERE'S WHERE NARDA WENT - THROUGH THIS TRAPDOOR."



THEY ENTER THE TRAPDOOR, AND FIND THEMSELVES IN A NARROW TUNNEL. "I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS LEADS, BUT I'M SURE THIS WHOLE TRICK WAS PLANNED TO CAPTURE NARDA - AND WE WALKED RIGHT INTO IT."



TO BE CONTINUED

SWEETACRE coughed. He looked at Ben. "I think, laddie, it's time we saw Mr. Gorrik." As Ben was about to leave he bade him wait and turned to Detective Prisk.

"Take these folk into the parlor, Tammas, and close the door after you and don't let them talk to each other in whispers," and, as Prisk rose, yawning, "Spellman, you remain."

The comedian shrugged, wondering. When he heard the parlor door close, Sweetacre took Spellman's arm, "I'd like an independent witness to Mr. Gorrik's reactions," he said. "We'll watch from the pantry."

He was giving Ben further instructions when there was a muffled shout from without. "Jedidah . . . Holper!"

"That's him," Lake said. "That's Pete."

Immediately Mr. Sweetacre became as busy as an excited gnome, bustling Spellman and Lake, shushing them round an angle of the L-shaped pantry, demanding silence. His slightly asthmatic breathing accentuated the surrounding stillness. Spellman, appreciating the dramatic situation, waited with breathless expectancy.

Presently there was a crunch on the wet gravel and Sweetacre reached back and squeezed Ben's arm with a warning "Sh-h-h-h." The footsteps came unsteadily and ceased at the kitchen door.

There was a slight click as the knob turned, and again silence except for the sound of trickling water escaping from overtaxed drainpipes, outside, and they realised that Pete must be looking into the room, listening.

After an appreciable time the scraping of a boot on the stone floor revealed that he had entered. Peeping, warily, Sweetacre saw him scoop

a cupful of water from the bucket near the sink and return the cup to its hook.

He stood by the kitchen door, rubbing his head, then slumped on to the form alongside the table with something between a sigh and a groan. His back was to the pantry, and Mr. Sweetacre, risking discovery, had a clear view.

Nothing happened for a full minute, then Gorrik reached out and lifted a sandwich from the white plate. He held it up in front of the lamp and lifted the two pieces of bread and peered at the contents. They all heard his inarticulate mutter and Sweetacre saw him replace the sandwich and take one from the blue plate. It was almost between his teeth when Sweetacre coughed.

Gorrik sprang to his feet, dropping the sandwich on the table. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"Am I addressing Mr. Steen?" Sweetacre asked mildly.

"Reff Steen's in Dandaloo," Pete's eyes were wary.

"Indeed," Sweetacre said. "Then you'd be . . . ?"

"My name's Gorrik."

"Of course," Sweetacre called.

"It's Mr. Gorrik. You can come out, gentlemen."

Ben Lake and Spellman emerged and Gorrik said, "What's the idea, Lake?" He gave a low, understanding whistle. "I get it. You've come for Holper. Well, it's about time. If you ask me, old Jedidah's ripe for the looney-bin, too. You ought to take 'em both."

Behind his back Sweetacre nodded energetically at Ben, who surprised himself.

"This is Dr. Silverman," he said, indicating Spellman, who, cast for another role, rose gallantly to the occasion.

"Good evening, sir," he said with professional gravity.

Poison in the House

Continued from page 7

Gorrik slumped on the form again and Mr. Sweetacre seated himself alongside.

"Sit down, gentlemen," he bade the others. "We may as well all be comfortable. Holper's sure to turn up sooner or later." He stretched a hand to the white plate. "In the meantime I'll have a sandwich."

With a little exclamation of apology he held the plate to Gorrik. "Have a sandwich, Mr. Gorrik."

Pete took one, "Jedidah cut 'em for old man Steen," he said. "The lady-like ones on the blue plate are for his niece."

With rough courtesy he pushed the cordial bottle and cup from which Reff Steen had drunk towards Spellman. "Try some of Jedidah's cordial, Doc. You won't find anything stronger at Pelvernon."

GORRIK put the sandwich in his mouth and bit and at the same moment Sweetacre gave him a thundering smack on the back so that the bread and meat were expelled upon the table and Gorrik coughed and spluttered.

"The farce is finished," Sweetacre said, getting to his feet. "He was ready to eat from either plate and he'd hardly want to poison the doctor." He grinned at Spellman.

"That leaves Jedidah," Lake said.

"What is this?" Gorrik demanded.

"What's gone on?" Sweetacre said. "Ben, take him into the parlor, Mr. Spellman, too. And bring Miss Steen back." He explained to the perplexed Gorrik.

"It's sort of a party." When Vicki came he said, "I want you to sit down, Miss Steen, and try to recall everything that happened to-night from the time Mr. Steen left for Dandaloo."

She said, "Jedidah knew I was going to be married. She knew I was coming back here. She wished me luck. She said she'd cut me some special sandwiches and told me to eat those on the blue plate." She smiled weakly. "I'm sure she only meant they'd be nicer."

She told them of the marriage service and how it had been arranged she should return to Pelvernon after the ceremony, how Garvie had given her the draught.

Sweetacre asked: "Had you any suspicion that there was something wrong?"

"Why, no. How should I?"

"When he gave you the phial what did he say?"

She was distressed. "Does it matter? You said the stuff was harmless."

Ben Lake said, "Listen, Vash . . . I mean Vicki. It's best you tell everything."

With an effort she continued. "He told me that half an hour after Mr. Steen had taken the draught he'd drop off and sleep like a log."

"Try to remember exactly what he said," Sweetacre encouraged.

She concentrated with closed eyes. Then she said: "He said, 'There's nothing to worry about. I haven't been a medical student for nothing.'"

Mr. Sweetacre raised his eyebrows. "And then you came back here with Mr. Spellman? Mr. Steen had not arrived?"

"No."

"The two plates of sandwiches were on the table?"

"Yes."

"Did either you or Spellman eat or drink anything after you came in?"

"No."

"What did you do?" "We just talked a bit, Jedidah had asked me if she could sleep in my room upstairs."

MR. SWEETACRE interrupted. "Did Jedidah want to change rooms?" he asked.

"No, no. We were both going to sleep upstairs," Vicki said.

"Go on," Mr. Sweetacre said.

"I thought Pete had gone to bed, and I knew Mr. Steen was at Dandaloo so it seemed safe to bring Sam in." She hesitated and went on: "I suppose I was excited. I wanted someone to talk to."

"And then Mr. Steen came back?"

"It gave me a shock when I heard him calling for Pete. I didn't want him to see Sam, so I let him out the front way on to the verandah."

"Now," Mr. Sweetacre said, "From the time Mr. Steen arrived, what took place?"

"Why," she said, "he came in grumbling about Pete leaving a lantern off the hook, but he was not less amiable than usual. He asked me to run upstairs and get his slippers because his boots were wet. They weren't really, but he was not a man you could argue with."

"You went up? Did you see Jedidah?"

"No. I didn't want to disturb her. When I came down I said, 'Jedidah cut some sandwiches for you.' She was concentrating. 'I'm trying to recall everything. That's what you want, isn't it?'"

Mr. Sweetacre nodded and she went on, "He said, 'Sandwiches, eh? So she has. She should have stayed up and supped with us, poor old lady.' After a moment he said, 'I had a word with lawyer Prendergast to-night . . . 'bout will. I been worried 'bout old girl case I got popped off. I told him to fix codicil so Jedidah will get thousand pounds. You don't mind?'"

"I said, 'No, why should I?' I remember he raised his eyebrows and said, 'Means thousand less for you.'"

Please turn to page 39

Have a "White Cloud" Xmas!

with

(SHORTENING) and

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

WHITE CLOUD CHRISTMAS CAKE

- 6 oz. White Cloud
- 2 tablespoon boiling milk
- 1 lb. brown sugar
- 6 eggs
- 1 lb. plain flour
- 1 level teaspoon salt
- 1 level teaspoon spice

NOTE: Fruit may be bought already mixed or a good mixture would be:

- 1 lb. raisins
- 1 lb. currants
- 1 lb. cherries

1. Wash fruit well, drain and dry thoroughly.
2. Cut White Cloud into a basin. Add brown sugar and boiling milk and strain thoroughly.
3. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after adding each one. If mixture begins to curdle when adding eggs, start adding the flour and beat about half of it into creamed mixture with the eggs.
4. When all the eggs have been beaten in, add remainder of creamed mixture with the eggs.
5. Add the mixed fruit.
6. Beat the egg of milk until boiling, add each soda, then add to the cake mixture. Mix thoroughly.
7. Place in an 8 in. square cake tin that has been lined with 2 thicknesses of brown end use of greased greaseproof paper.
8. Bake in slow oven, about 3 hours.
9. If liked, about 2 tablespoons brandy may be sprinkled over cake as soon as it is baked, then wrap up cake while still in tin and still hot to keep it moist.



BE SURE TO ASK FOR WHITE CLOUD

SEND FOR THE RECIPE BOOK 7½

Manufactured by VEGETABLE OILS PTY. LTD., GARDENER'S RD., MASCOT, N.S.W.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

- 1 lb. mixed fruit
- 4 oz. White Cloud
- 1 tablespoon boiling milk
- 4 oz. brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup plain flour

1. Wash fruit well, then dry thoroughly.
2. Cut White Cloud into a basin, add warmest sugar and hot milk and cream all thoroughly together.
3. Add eggs one at a time and beat in well. If mixture starts to curdle add about half the plain flour.
4. Sift flour, salt, spice and bi-carb. soda.
5. Add flour to creamed mixture, then add breadcrumbs, mixed fruit and grated lemon rind. Lastly, add the brandy.
6. Place in a well-greased pudding basin. Basin should not be filled more than two-thirds full.
7. Place a piece of greaseproof paper which has been greased on both sides over the top of basin. Seal the pudding cloth and tie up securely. Tie the corners of cloth across half-way up sides of basin.
8. Steam for 4 hours, then when required, steam 2 hours.

BRANDY SAUCE

- 1 oz. White Cloud
- 2 level tablespoons plain flour
- 2 pint milk, 2 level tablespoons sugar
- 1 in 2 tablespoons brandy

1. Melt White Cloud in a small saucepan.
2. Add plain flour and stir until smooth.
3. Add milk and sugar and stir until boils and thickens.
4. Just before serving add brandy and mix to well.





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Thrilling news... your favourite Gemey Face Powder is now available in an entrancing new shade... Cream Beige... to flatter your complexion this summer with new loveliness new fragrant charm! And at last... sufficient of the matchless Gemey ingredients have become available to enable you to obtain all your requirements of all the distinguished Gemey Beauty Aids regularly.

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WORTH Reporting

WHEN actress Sarah Churchill was being interviewed by Peter Hastings of our New York Staff, she showed him a newspaper in which there was a photograph of Mr. Churchill at the El Alamein reunion in London.

With a row of campaign medals dating from 1895 across his chest, he was standing at a rostrum, looking somewhat severely over his spectacles at the crowded hall.

"That's how he looks," Sarah remarked laughingly, "when he's about to scold one of the family. We all have to dive for cover."

Discussing the problem of children of the famous who seek independent careers, she said that she wanted at one time to change her name for professional purposes to Sarah Jerome, but was persuaded not to by her father who assured her: "I'm robust enough to stand whatever you may do!"

Referring to Margaret Truman, daughter of America's President, who has made a career for herself as a professional singer, Sarah Churchill said that the two of them had discussed the wisdom of Margaret adopting other names. "But I was so glad when she finally kept her own," she said.

Asked if she thought she had inherited any of Mr. Churchill's great dramatic talent she replied: "Dramatic talent cannot be inherited. My father couldn't have inherited any, because he has a pronounced lisp. People now say it is cute and characteristic—but he says that to him it was an impediment."

To the question: "When did he feel he had overcome the impediment?" the actress daughter of the great wartime leader replied: "He became a great orator on the day he decided to throw away the notes from which he used to read."

Sydney man at London dressmaking school

IN London taking a year's course in dressmaking and cutting is 35-year-old Rae Nixon, of Sydney. He is attending Barrett Street Technical College, the most go-ahead school of fashion in the country.

Some of the items on the curriculum might appear surprising. In addition to dressmaking, tailoring and designing, pupils learn elocution, modern literature, drama, French modelling, deportment, art, make-up, and hairdressing. All are part of a very definite plan to make the pupils poised and worldly.

To get inspiration from the past, pupils are taken to museums. To make them aware of modern trends, they go to exhibitions of the latest paintings.

Embroideresses get a course of botany to familiarise themselves with plant shapes, and hairdressers learn chemistry.

FOR the past 12 years Scandinavian tenors have been singing "Lad Tone's forte," a popular song that in those countries fills the place occupied by "Trees" in English-speaking ones.

Now "Lad" under the title of "Dream Days," is being introduced to the Anglo-American world. It is the first Danish tune since "Jealousy," written 20 years ago, to enter the world melody market.



"Amusing, Spencer, but not very sporting."

A WOMAN we know picked up some fascinating information from a G.P.O. mechanic who went to her house to repair her telephone. He assured her that it isn't only in films and more melodramatic novels that people get into roges and tear telephones out of walls or hurl them violently on the floor.

A large percentage of the calls for repairs come from people who've "done their block." The mechanics can usually tell a genuine breakage from a "drama job," because those responsible for the latter nearly always mumble shame-facedly that they got their foot caught in the cord going to answer the door.

Plane and pilot go with this practice

THE Wudinna district in western South Australia, with a 12-bed hospital staffed by sisters of the Bush Church Aid Society, has been without a doctor since flying doctor Russell Roxburgh left in June.

"I enjoyed our three years in Wudinna," Mrs. Roxburgh says. "I think that any young doctor should jump at the chance of going. There is a new home waiting. We had a place that wasn't new, but it was comfortable, with a kerosene refrigerator and a powered washing machine."

"The town of Wudinna" (pronounced Woodena) "is quite small, with a population of about a hundred. All around there's a good wheat-growing district."

The Wudinna birthrate is high, the usual rate being one baby born each week, and Dr. and Mrs. Roxburgh themselves added to the quota when their son James was born.

The Bush Church Aid Society has not had one reply to its many advertisements for a doctor.

There is no need for him to be a pilot, for, as the notices say: "An aeroplane and pilot are provided for long-distance travel... and expenses for travelling by car."



"It's not to you personally, Lawrence, but you just happen to represent the type of young dope I wish my daughter would keep away from entirely."

Yachtsmen treated like diplomats

JOHN LIVINGSTON, who with his brother Frank and sister Emily sailed the ketch Kurrewa III in the famous American millionaires' race from Los Angeles to Honolulu, tells us that on the way home to Melbourne across the Pacific they had to nurse her along as she needed an overhaul after such a long voyage.

"We had hoped to get her up on the slips at Fiji and scrape the weeds and green off the bottom and let it dry out a bit, but there was no slipway available for six weeks."

"The Americans were supremely good to us, treated us more like diplomats than yachtsmen, and had all three of us speaking at all their gatherings."

"The Americans did not limit their help to the race, for when Frank was injured on our way home they got the Navy to fly him 1600 miles from Palmyra Atoll to Tuvalu, American Samoa, in a four-engined bomber with a Navy nurse in attendance. He was hurt 300 miles from the nearest land, and the Navy came on the air every four hours and gave Emily medical advice."

"Frank was in great pain until we reached port, which took three days, during which Emily never left his side. The Navy medical advisers prescribed ice, which, in the tropics, was not easy to get. We put every blanket and oiler we had in the refrigerator to eliminate the air, and that helped make ice quickly."

"When we got to Palmyra Atoll the Navy bomber arrived and picked him up, and we followed in the yacht. They made no charge whatever for that or for the medical attention, or the hospital."

FROM our London office Ellie Bailey sends this selection of unconscious schoolboy wit taken from "The Best Howlers," now in a new edition: "A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian." "Income is a yearly tax." "A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off." "Newspapers are useful for reporting calamities such as deaths and marriages." "Contralto is a low sort of music that only ladies sing."

Knits dolls' woollies on hatpins

MOLLIE DWYER, of Berowra, N.S.W., has turned her childhood hobby of dressing dolls into a business. She makes baby clothes and exquisite dolls' frocks, which are shown in a window of the Berowra Tavern where tourist buses stop each day.

Hungry tourists have even been known to miss afternoon tea through spending too long gazing at Miss Dwyer's handicraft.

Mollie Dwyer believes in making dolls' clothes that are pretty but which can be taken off and washed by the young owner. One of the most beautiful dolls we saw wore vest, pants, petticoat, dress, shoes and socks, and bonnet. For the doll's one-and-a-half-inch feet, Mollie Dwyer had made quilted satin shoes, inventing the pattern and sewing away until midnight.

Dresses are of the finest organdie or marquisette, appliqued with hand-made medallions or sometimes with lace. Frocks and underclothes unfasten and can be laid flat for ironing.

But not all the dolls wear summer dresses. Many are dressed in finely knitted wool. "I do the knitting on hatpins," said talented Mollie Dwyer, whose dolls will go out this Christmas dressed as well as any new baby.

Interesting People



MISS JOY BASSETT

... children's examiner

SECOND Australian-trained dancer to be appointed children's examiner for the Royal Academy of Dancing is Joy Bassett, of Brisbane, returned after six months' work in England. She attended the R.A.D.'s "Special Week" during which teachers conferred on examination syllabus, studied examining methods, and in Paris watched the class of Madame Proebajenska, oldest living Russian ballerina. She also looked on at the Adeline Genée Gold Medal and Pavlova Casket Tests held in London.



MR. MAX MACKAY

... schoolboy pianist

LEAVING for London early next year to continue musical studies is schoolboy pianist Max Mackay. Visiting pianist Aleksandr Helmann heard him playing Bach in Melbourne and invited him to use his famous 18th century clavichord when in England. Max, 18, is musical captain of Scotch College, and is doing his matriculation. When 15 he led the School symphony orchestra at Melbourne Town Hall. He gave a public farewell concert recently. His other interests are science, photography, and tennis.



MRS. EUGENIE ANDERSON

... U.S. woman Ambassador

FIRST woman to represent U.S.A. as Ambassador to another country, though women envoys have served as ministers, is 40-year-old Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, wife of an artist and mother of two children. She once hoped for career on concert stage, but gave up piano studies to enter politics. The protocol division of the State Department will be set a new problem when her family accompany her to Denmark. They must decide who is to sit at the head of the table at official dinner parties.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 26, 1949

Poison in the House

MR. SWEETACRE

said, "All this was before he sat down to supper?"

"Yes," Vicki told him. "He sat down, jumped up again and took a plate from the dresser and put on it two of the sandwiches from the blue plate. He said, 'I'll take 'em in to Jedidah.' I knew Jedidah wasn't in her usual room so I said I'd take them. I was glad he seemed kinder. I put the sandwiches on the chair in the downstairs room."

"When I came back he was standing at the dresser. He said, 'What have we here?' He picked up a brown paper parcel I hadn't noticed before. When he removed the wrapper I saw it was a small box with a pretty, colored cover. He said, 'Chocolates, eh?' and glared."

She went on, slowly, "I was astonished. I thought perhaps Steve had had them sent, or Sam had brought them for me. He often did to the theatre. He'd bring them and leave them as a matter of course. I didn't know what to say to Mr. Steen so I told him I'd brought the box with me . . . from the city."

"And then?"

"Mr. Steen grunted. He opened the box and pulled a chocolate out and held it up between his thumb and finger. He said, 'I haven't tasted one of these fiddle-faddles since I was a boy.'"

Ben said eagerly, "And then, Vicki?"

Her eyes turned slowly to him. "Why," she said, "he popped it into his mouth."

Mr. Sweetacre slammed his palm down on the table. "Someone was determined to get him one way or another," he cried. "Where is this chocolate box?"

She said, white-faced, "I thrust it into the dresser-drawer when he sat down."

"He sat down then, and ate a sandwich?"

"He drank first," Vicki said, her eyes closed as she tried to recapture the scene. "He said, 'I don't think much of your chocolates. Let's have our sandwiches.' I sat down opposite him. He ate one and took another . . . and then . . ."

She covered her face with her hands.

Sweetacre was at the dresser. He pulled open the drawer and brought out a box of chocolates and a screwed-up piece of wrapping paper. He seated himself deliberately, and set the box down and smoothed the paper out on the table. "It's addressed," Miss Vashiti Steen," he said.

Ben saw the puzzled expression in his eyes as he carefully folded the wrapper and tissue covering from the top layer of chocolates. There were two well-defined rows but one chocolate was missing.

He grunted and looked up to find Ben gazing in fascinated horror at the picture on the lid of the box . . . a little girl in a fur-lined red cape and laden with Christmas parcels, battling her way through the snow.

"That box?" he gasped. "What did it cost? The price is on the back."

For an instant the little man regarded him with astonishment, then, lifting the box: "Five shillings," he said, and commented, "Expensive."

Ben Lake's face was drawn. He said, "Vicki told me Jedidah had a jar of poison that was brought at the Dandaloo pharmacy on February 2. I went to check up last night. It was pretty late. The young chemist . . . Ellis . . . the new one, was entertaining a lady. I heard a scuffle and knew he had hidden her inside the house, but she left behind a light raincoat."

"When he went into the shop to get the poison-book, I saw it. I . . . well . . . I was mildly curious. I picked it up. The box of chocolates, with the child in the snow on the cover and five shillings marked on the back, was in the pocket."

Sweetacre robbed his chin.

Continued from page 37

"You're thinking the young lady you heard at the pharmacy was Nora Kaye? You think she brought this box of chocolates there?"

"No . . . she'd hardly do that and bring them here. I think she made up to the new man and pinched it. She knew Vicki would think it was Garvie."

"Why should she think Garvie would send chocolates to Miss Steen?"

Ben flushed. "She was jealous of Vash . . . of Vicki." He hurried on. "She was most likely going to find your bedroom, Vicki, and leave the box, but found Jedidah there."

"But Jedidah would have seen her," Vicki objected.

"I don't think so," Mr. Sweetacre said dryly. "The old lady's drunk."

Vicki stared incredulously. "I took a peep," Sweetacre assured her. "I never make mistakes about Scotch whisky."

"What does it matter about Jedidah?" Ben said impulsively. "Nora meant the chocolates for you, Vicki."

Incredulity turned to horror on the girl's face. "You mean . . . they're all poisoned?"

"The top row, perhaps," Sweetacre observed shrewdly. He thought of the phial in Detective Prisk's waistcoat pocket: glanced at the sandwiches on the table. "We'll soon know. She could risk waiting and a possibility that someone else would get a poisoned sweetie first."

Sweetacre led Ben into the passage and gave him a whispered instruction. Returning, he said to Vicki, "Pevernion doesn't look so good as it did from Perth, young lady?"

"I was always afraid of it," she said in a low voice, and Sweetacre nodded understandingly.

THERE was a little pause; then the detective went on, "I don't know what you and Sam were up to, but . . . it didn't add up to murder."

"And yet there has been murder," Aye. Cold-blooded planning, too, whichever way you look at it."

He regarded her shrewdly. "You've put up with a great deal, Miss Steen. I want you to put up with a bit more. When Mr. Garvie comes in I want you to sit tight. No matter what is said . . . or done. Will you?"

"I'll try."

"You don't believe Mr. Garvie intended Mr. Steen harm?"

"No."

"But if I'm any judge you're not so much in love with him."

"I'm not in love with him. How could I be after . . .?"

Mr. Sweetacre nodded. "My old grandfather used to tell me his grandfather had a saying, 'There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.' Oceans aside, will you remember that, Vicki Steen?"

"It will be difficult, won't it . . . now that I'm Vicki Garvie?"

"Ah, to be sure," Sweetacre said, gravely, and picked up the lidless chocolate box as Garvie came in followed by Ben. He held out the box. "Have a chocolate, Mr. Garvie?"

Garvie's eyes were suspicious. "I never eat them," he said.

"But you buy them?" Sweetacre made his eyes twinkle.

"I have occasionally."

"For ladies?"

Garvie hesitated the merest fraction. "What man hasn't?"

Sweetacre picked up the lid of the box. "You selected a very pretty box to send to Miss Steen."

Garvie regarded him narrowly. "I never sent chocolates to her."

"Oh, come, Mr. Garvie. It's a nice gesture. Why deny it?"

"Because it happens to be true. But why shouldn't I send them if I wished?"

Garvie was frowning, but Sweetacre said amiably, "No reason at all, if they were all sweet and above board."

Please turn to page 40

★ The Photographer SAID 'This shot should be a winner!'



★ But he MEANT

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You'll be lovely "close-up" once you clear away skin faults with



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ALL at once, the detective's voice hardened. "But the chocolates you sent, Mr. Garvie," he declared, "were not all above board."

He pointed a finger at the box he held. "Note there is one chocolate gone, Mr. Garvie. It's now in the inside of Relf Steen. It's what poisoned him."

Garvie stared, then burst out, "You think I did it?"

"No... you didn't mean to kill Mr. Steen. You meant to kill his niece."

"You're mad," Garvie cried vehemently. "I'll kill her! I'd just married her."

"I suggest that was the reason. You didn't want her. You wanted Pervon and to hang on to Silvanella. So you planned for her to kill Steen with the draught and eventually eat the chocolates and die herself. Then you'd have Pervon and you'd keep Silvanella."

"There was an instant of incredulous silence before Garvie laughed. 'You don't give me credit for much sense. If I'd decided to kill Steen I'd at least wait a decent interval before killing his niece.'"

Sweetacre set the chocolates on the table. He pursed his lips. He said carefully, watching for Garvie's reaction, "And yet Miss Kaye says you sent the chocolates."

"She says," Garvie cried. "And are you going to take the word of a small-town wanton? I see it now. She was jealous of Steen's niece. I remember she said, 'If you marry that girl I'll poison her!' She made up that yarn about Pete Gorrik buying poison to distract suspicion from herself."

"I suggest that after you'd got rid of Vashti you were going to marry Nora," Sweetacre said.

"Marry her!" Garvie exclaimed. "Marry a woman like that!"

Mr. Sweetacre threw up his hands as though horrified and, at the same time, managed to clap them together and, behind Garvie, Ben appeared from the passage holding Nora Kaye. His hand was firmly over her mouth so that she could not spoil anything with a premature denial.

Her eyes were blazing at Garvie's back, as, unaware of her presence, he went on vehemently, "She had every

opportunity to get the poison and doctor the chocolates. She worked in the pharmacy till a few weeks ago. Did you know that? What chance had I got?"

Sweetacre made a gesture and Ben released Nora Kaye.

"I'll tell you," she screamed. "When I worked there he used to come in. Always when no one else was about. Once he told me he'd been a medical student and wanted to try his hand at making up a prescription for a sick cat. And he did."

"I know what was in it and when he took it away, because I marked the date with a little S on the calendar for future reference... just in case. You'll find it hanging in the shop. It's fixed in my mind because the same day he bought a box of chocolates."

"Not this one?" Sweetacre asked with eagerness.

"Don't believe her," Garvie cried. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

"That's right," Nora shouted. "You'll get the truth from your small-town wanton. It was a box with a picture of a woman called Du Barry on the lid. I asked who she was. 'D'you remember what you answered, smart Stevie? You said, 'She was something in your line, Nora, darling.'"

She had mimicked, her eyes full of venom.

Mr. Sweetacre smashed his fist down on the table. "Now I've got it," he cried. "The two of you were in it. Garvie fixed the chocolates and you, Nora Kaye, sent them."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Garvie said, while Nora stared.

"I think you will," Sweetacre said, and bawled, "Tammy... Tammy Prisk."

Prisk appeared at once, pushing Pete and Spellman before him with languid authority, and Sweetacre said, pointing to Garvie, "There's your man. We've got all the evidence we want."

"About Steen?" Ben gasped.

Sweetacre shook his head. Prisk had methodically put away his pipe. "Stephen Garvie," he said, with formal gravity, "I arrest ye for the

Poison in the House

Continued from page 39

attempted murder of y'r wife and I warn ye..."

Vicki sprang to her feet. "Nol Oh, nol!"

"I said for his wife," Prisk said. "Not you, lassie."

"But I am his wife."

Mr. Sweetacre shook his head.

"No, Vicki Steen. The wife Tammas is speaking of was deserted and ignored until circumstances made it necessary for Mr. Garvie to seek a rich partner. Then, under the name in which he'd married her, he tried to induce her to divorce him. When she refused he tried a more violent method of obtaining his freedom."

Ben's heart was wrung by the misery in Vicki's eyes, but his brain was flashing the exultant message, "She's not married."

Sweetacre said, "We have the poisoned chocolates which were sent anonymously to Garvie's wife at Christmas, but which, fortunately, she no more than nibbled, and we have the Du Barry box in which they reached Sydney. You, Stephen Garvie, doctor the chocolates, and you, Nora Kaye, wrapped the box for despatch."

"I?" Nora shouted. "Never in my life!"

SWEETACRE produced the wrapper Steen had taken from the box of chocolates he opened. He spread it beside a similar wrapper on which a plain white label had been pasted. He read from one, "Miss Vashti Steen," and from the other, "Mrs. Violet Stephens."

"They were written by the same hand," he said. "There isn't a doubt in the world of it. Look at the V's and the S's."

Nora said, "Who's Mrs. Violet Stephens?" and stopped suddenly and looked at Garvie.

Sweetacre told her, "Stephens was the name Garvie assumed when he married. You, Miss Kaye, sent Mrs. Garvie the poisoned chocolates."

"Rats!" Nora said loudly. "I didn't even know he was married." "But you wrote her address on

the label and pasted it on the Du Barry box."

She said nothing, and Sweetacre made a sign to Prisk, who took a significant step forward. Nora looked wildly at Garvie. "Well... what are you going to say?" she demanded in a hard voice.

"Me?" Garvie shrugged. "Nothing. I knew nothing of this."

Nora stared fixedly at Garvie for a long moment and, when he refused to meet her eye, her lip curled a little, and she allowed her gaze to drop to the wrapper spread beside the plates of sandwiches on the table.

She said at length, and her voice had become suddenly tired, "I'll tell you how my writing is on the label. He... Steve Garvie... brought me a batch of pencilled addresses a week or two before Christmas. He asked me if I would write labels for him... to stick on Christmas parcels he was posting. That name... Stephens... was among them. That's all I know."

Garvie said excitedly, "It isn't true! None of that's true!"

"It fits," Sweetacre pronounced, calmly. "I think, Nora Kaye, Mr. Garvie used you. If Mrs. Garvie had died and the origin of the poisoned chocolates had been traced back to Kinalcuddy... well, it was your writing on the box. You were fond of Garvie, and a jury might have been convinced that you'd murdered his wife."

He folded the wrappers and put them back in his pocket.

"The bundle of labels from which you wrote the addresses for Mr. Garvie were cut from unused letter-heads," he continued. "The slip on which you wrote the name Violet Stephens had, on the back of it, a few printed letters in insignificant block type. There was a T, beneath it a Y, and under the Y the letters UDDY."

"Our experts in Sydney detected them when they examined the wrapper. The box of chocolates had been posted in Perth, and that brought me to Western Australia. After that it was routine."

Please turn to page 41

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DETECTIVE

PRISK roused himself to remark languidly, "A soul destroyin' pastime, and no mistake, routine work!"

"We came to the conclusion," Mr. Sweetacre went on, "that the printed letters might be part of a business, or more likely a professional, letterhead, so that the bottom letters UDDY would conceivably be the final ones in an address . . . in the name of a town or suburb." He shrugged.

"There are not a great many towns in Western Australia, and there was only one with a name ending in UDDY. At Kinalcuddy we looked for a business man whose name ended with T. We found him, Nora Kaye, and we knew the label on the box of poisoned chocolates had been cut from the letterhead of Joseph A. Prendergast, Solicitor and Notary, 16 Railway Junction Street, Kinalcuddy, in whose office late last year you were employed."

He turned to Detective Prisk. "I think that's how it was, Tammas."

Prisk, lighting his pipe, said, "You should have said 'I' instead of 'we.'" He threw the match away and dug into his pocket for an article he had placed there while his colleague was speaking. He held it out to Garvie.

"A wee photograph o' y'r wife, Meester Garvie, married when ye were a medical student learnin' all about poisons."

"Let me see it," Nora said roughly, and elbowed Pete aside, snatching at the picture, but Prisk refused to let it go, and in the moment that his attention was temporarily distracted by her insistence, Garvie had made his decision.

He swung savagely at the table in an effort to topple it, but Sweetacre, with astonishing agility, had leapt like a tackling footballer and, holding the lamp steady in his hands, half lay on the table, preventing it from overturning.

Garvie had gone through the kitchen door, slamming it after him, and by the time Prisk had it open they could hear his footsteps running in the dark, heard a startled whinny.

Poison in the House

Continued from page 40

Spellman cried, "He's taking my horse."

Prisk shouted from the doorway, "Stop in the name of the law . . . stop or I'll shoot."

"We closed the gate," Sweetacre said. "He'll have to stop." He thrust the lamp into Spellman's hands. "Come on, Tam. Ben, you stay here."

As he swung into the dark with Prisk at his heels, Garvie's voice came back to them, shouting desperate encouragement to the horse: "Come on, boy . . . at it . . . at it!"

"He's going to jump the gate," Ben called, and immediately there was confirmation in the thud of the horse's gathering speed, then Garvie's shout, "Over . . . over," and almost at once it was over. There was a terrific crash, a horse's scream, and silence.

Ben, standing at the kitchen door beside Vicki, called into the dark, "What's happened?" and Spellman lifted the lamp and held it high in the air as though he might pierce the gloom with the feeble glow.

Sweetacre's voice came at last. "There's naught you can do. He's dead."

Vicki's eyes closed tight in an effort to shut out the vision of Garvie leaping the gate she had climbed so eagerly such a short time before. She swayed, and Ben caught her as she fell.

Pete Gorrik leaned against the wall at the side of the stove, struck a match, and carefully lit a cigarette.

Spellman, setting the lamp down, looked uneasily at Nora Kaye. She was standing at the end of the table, gripping the edge. Every bit of color had drained from her face, but a queer smile played about her white lips.

She was speaking to herself, but aloud, seeing nobody but a dead man: "He was a rotten liar. He was no good, but what the heck! Neither am I. Square pegs in round holes. Square pegs . . ."

As footsteps approached crossing the gravel, Nora looked directly at Ben Lake. She said: "I was at the pharmacy long enough to know

what's coming isn't going to be nice to look at." She indicated Vicki with an impatient gesture. "Take your girl-friend away."

With sudden realisation Ben glanced at the box of chocolates on the table, then, with an exclamation of horror, swept Vicki into his arms and carried her into the yard.

Pete Gorrik flicked at an imaginary cigarette and Spellman groaned helplessly as Sweetacre arrived in time to hear Nora say, "Listen to this: I meant them for her, not Steen. When Steve made up that prescription and took the Du Barry box, I think I must have guessed he was up to no good. Anyway, it was what gave me the idea. Don't blame that poor sap at the chemist's. He doesn't even know the chocolates have gone."

Her eyes shut suddenly and her teeth clamped together so that they hardly caught her next words: "Well . . . I always wanted to go . . . somewhere different . . ."

WHILE Ben Lake rode for the doctor, Sweetacre and Prisk waited in the parlor with Spellman, Vicki, Gorrik, and Holper, who was still sleeping. For some moments there had been an uncomfortable silence.

Gorrik said at length, "I reckon old Jedidah was having a go at old un. You ought to get those sandwiches looked into."

"We will," Sweetacre assured him.

Pete said, "He was worried she'd got at his bait. When he went to get some for the dog, the box was bust open," he said.

Ben said, "Steen poisoned the dog?"

"He told me to do it," Pete said. He added hastily, "He give me only enough to settle it," and looked round suspiciously. "Where is the old woman?"

Vicki suddenly remembered.

"Mr. Sweetacre, it wasn't true, what you said about the whisky?" He was on the point of replying when Vicki caught the sound from

above. "She's awakened," she said, and looked at the detective.

At Sweetacre's nod she hurried out. Ben had lit the seldom-used hanging lamp in the passage and now there was enough light for her to see up the stairs to the landing. Jedidah, about to descend, had hesitated, surprised at the illumination.

She came slowly down, one foot dragging after the other. She held a candle, and Vicki thought of Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, and then saw with astonishment that each of the woman's cheeks flamed with red, which could have come from one place only in that house—the make-up box in her bedroom.

Jedidah had seen her.

"Vashti!" she said in a strange, wondering voice. "Vashti . . . I . . . I should be dead. I used the stuff in the jar. I made Holper eat it. I tried to make it nice for un." With sudden panic she said, "Holper . . . where's Holper?"

"Holper's all right," Vicki said, catching the gnarled hands, patting them, relieving them of the wobbling candlestick.

Jedidah said thickly, "I don't understand. After you went, I decided I'd . . . go. I'd take Holper. I thought it best." Her eyes hardened.

"I wanted Steen to find me. I wanted him to find me dead up there in Dulcinea's old room with this devil's paint on my cheeks and my insides full of alcohol. I know how he'd hate it when folks heard about it and started to gossip. If I'd knew how I'd have wrote him a note to say it was Dulcinea's whisky. She always said we'd keep it for a celebration."

"Don't say any more," Vicki said, soothingly.

Jedidah said, "I put the money you gave me in here." She tapped her flat chest. "You'd have found it when . . . it's in the paper you wrote your name on."

Vicki put an arm about her. "I want to have a long talk, Jedidah."

"In my room?"

"No . . . upstairs," Vicki said hastily.

Please turn to page 43

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

FASHION and common sense both decree that flimsy fabrics are ideal for late afternoon parties on summer days, and of these fabrics easily the smartest is printed chiffon.

Chiffon is smart

"DO help me choose a really pretty design for a hot-weather frock suitable for late afternoon. I have some floral chiffon but feel perhaps it would not be suitable. My age is 22, height five feet five inches, weight nine stone two pounds, and I have a rather small bust, so need a flattering bodice."

Your floral chiffon will be quite perfect for a late afternoon dress. Chiffon in printed designs is very new for this hour. I have had illustrated a design that I consider to be cool and pretty. The bodice of the dress is nearly sleeveless, the neckline is square and finished with a cluster of flowers cut from the pattern in the material. A fitted above-the-waistline section creates a flattering bustline.

Venetian-blind tucks

"I HAVE a dress-length of black sheer material I would like to make into a cocktail frock. I want to keep the design simple, but would like some suggestion for new detail."

Five Venetian-blind tucks to trim the bottom of the skirt and two to finish a square-cut neckline would be a simple and effective trimming detail for your black sheer. Finish the waistline with a velvet streamer sash tied at the centre front in a bow with long ends.

Afternoon reception

"MY problem is how to make myself a summer print suitable to wear to my sister's engagement party. The party is to be at 4.30



A PRINTED chiffon frock with a low-cut neck is new and pretty.

and quite a large reception. The fabric I have chosen is patterned with grey, white, and pink on a black background. I would also like advice about accessories."

Have your print dress made with soft skirt fullness, big pockets, and a very simple bodice top designed with a low, scooped-out neckline, tiny cap sleeves, and a rounded and unadorned shoulder line. Complete the ensemble with a large black hat and black accessories.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem, I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

For double duty

"THE fashion of a two-way dress and double-duty dress that is so written about interests me. Does this mean a dress for two occasions? I want a frock I can wear to cocktails and for dancing. Please advise me."

Double-duty, two-mood, and two-way really all mean the same thing—a dress that can be worn more than one way. For instance, you could have a plain, slim, one-piece street length (13 inches from the ground), plus a tie-on net over-skirt made very full and finished with points—or the tie-on skirt could be in crisp taffeta consisting of eight gores panels.

Two problems

"I HAVE two small problems I hope you will be kind enough to solve. One is the question of a color combination for a three-colored cotton frock, and my second request is for a really smart little hat to wear to a wedding taking place at 6.00 p.m."

For your three-tone cotton dress, I suggest light grey for the bodice, dark grey for the skirt, and coral for the belt. A tiny hat trimmed with white wing clusters or a cloche made in satin and dramatised by scattered embroidery of pearl bead rings would be a decorative piece of millinery for a six o'clock wedding.

Fashion FROCKS

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Poison in the House

Continued from page 41

WHEN, later, Ben knocked on the door, Vicki had washed the face of the old woman and combed and brushed her hair. "Sweetacre wants you to bring Jedidah down," Ben said. "The doctor's there and Steen's lawyer and the chemist from Dandaloo."

Sweetacre met them at the parlor door and bowed gravely to Jedidah. "You know Mr. Prendergast?" he asked.

The lawyer glanced at her keenly. "Of course," he said, but her gaze had gone past him to the sleeping Holper, and a wave of tenderness softened her lined face.

"There," she said, "that's how he always sleeps when there's nothing to worry him. He wouldn't do no harm."

Ben said impulsively, "I scared Pete into confessing he made Holper go to the pharmacy. You needn't worry about him any more, Jedidah. Pete's gone . . . for good."

"Tell her, Mr. Gratworth," Sweetacre said.

The old chemist cleared his throat. "You mean about the stuff he came for that night. Bless my soul, Jedidah, I wouldn't sell Holper poison. But he was so insistent I had to humor him. I gave him something quite harmless. Castor sugar can look a bit like strychnine."

"Especially with a frightenin' label on the jar," Tammis Prisk said.

"Castor sugar!" Jedidah reflected with dawning realisation. "Holper said the sandwiches was too sweet." Her glance wavered. "Guess I was too drunk to care."

Ben said, "I think it was true what Nora Kaye told us. Pete pinched some of the stuff out of the jar and found it was harmless."

Sweetacre changed the subject with some haste. "You have something to say, Mr. Prendergast?"

The lawyer said, "Yes. It's important, Miss Jedidah. If what Mr. Sweetacre tells me is true and Vashiti Steen is drowned . . . well, in short, you inherit the late Mr. Steen's estate."

"He'd never leave it to me," Jedidah said dourly. "I've heard that tale too often."

"I rather think he didn't intend to," Mr. Prendergast said, dryly. "I pointed out to him there was a remote possibility of you inheriting, but he only laughed. He said, 'Put it in, lawyer. It don't mean a thing. My niece'll be married in half a tick and there'll be a little Steen before Christmas. But it'll give the old girl something to chew on.'"

"But, to-night, at the council meeting," Mr. Sweetacre interposed, "Steen spoke to you about a codicil."

The lawyer nodded. "That is so. I was quite surprised. He said he felt he hadn't been fair to Jedidah. He spoke quite decently about her. He instructed me to see she was left one thousand pounds on his death."

Prisk said: "And now she inherits the whole dang lot."

"Jedidah!" Vicki exclaimed, "don't you understand? Everything belongs to you. All Pelvernon."

"I've had 'nough o' Pelvernon," Jedidah said, dourly.

The lawyer explained patiently, "You could sell it, Jedidah. I could get you a fine price."

"Don't you understand?" Vicki cried, eagerly shaking the woman's arm. "With the money you could buy some other place and take Holper there . . . some place where there'd be bush and flowers and birds the same as here, but where people would be kind!"

Jedidah stared, then her eyes travelled slowly towards the lawyer. Gravely, she said: "Is that right?"

He smiled. "Of course."

For a moment disbelief lingered, then, as she gazed about her and saw confirmation registered in each

pair of eyes, she uttered a cry that was half exultation, half sob, and in a flash had fallen on her knees beside the sleeping Holper. "Holper! Wake up!" she cried, shaking him. "Wake up and bob down to old Queen o' Pelvernon. Me and you's alive, Holper. We're going to kick up our heels."

Sweetacre, smoking a quiet pipe in the kitchen with Tammis Prisk, said, "Well, we got our man, but not the way we wanted him."

Prisk nodded. He took from his pocket the phial Garvie had given Vicki. "D'ye really think this stuff's harmless? Would ye take a small swig at it?"

Sweetacre grinned. "I'm not that sure. But he'd had a flutter at the law, remember. He should have known a murderer couldn't inherit. No, I think it's dope all right and innocent if taken with precaution, but, after what he tried on his wife in Sydney, I believe it wouldn't have been long before he tried to eliminate Steen. They seldom stop at one murder."

Prisk frowned. "I don't quite get Steen's idea of putting Jedidah into his will."

"Why not, ye Scotch blitherer?" Sweetacre said. "No one would suspect a man of murdering someone to whom he had just bequeathed a thousand pounds and of whom he was speaking so well . . . both to the girl, Vicki, and his lawyer."

"Why . . . you don't mean . . ."

"The sandwiches I found in Jedi-

Lively two-part serial

FIRST part will appear next week of "Home Is The Sailor," two-part adventure romance by Dorothy Black.

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dah's room downstairs were doctored, but the ones on the plate from which he took them and those on the white plate were harmless. He had insisted that his shoes were wet when he came in to-night, but got here before the storm broke. He got Vicki to run upstairs for his slippers and while she was absent he doped the sandwiches. He'd been planning the idea that she might commit suicide." He shrugged.

"Well, he's dead and it don't matter, but I guess the old woman was dangerously acquainted with the skeleton in his cupboard."

Mr. Sweetacre took Vicki's arm and led her on to the verandah. All signs of the recent storm had disappeared. Above Pelvernon homestead the moon swam in a cloudless sky.

"I've been talking to Spellman about why he came out here," the little detective said. "He's convinced me he thought he could induce Mr. Steen to put some money into a theatrical venture."

He was watching her shrewdly, but his eyes were twinkling.

"Bit of an optimist, wasn't he?"

He didn't wait for an answer, but pointed up at the moon. "The world goes on, Vicki. What's your name," he said, and added after a moment, "Spellman tells me he expects you'll join him in a new act."

Ben Lake's voice came from the passage, calling: "Vicki . . . are you there, Vicki?"

Mr. Sweetacre squeezed her elbow. "Is Spellman right?"

"He was always an optimist," she said, quietly.

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WELL, it was pretty warm. Andy went, and Mr. Hendon pulled the silk handkerchief out of his pocket and mopped his brow and patted his lips. Then, as though nothing at all had happened, he said, "Marion, a kiss—let me show you."

"Watch me," he directed. "This you do not do—observe very carefully." And he illustrated how not to do it—holding it as if his picture was being taken.

"That is the flippant teen-age kiss. Now watch again. In this one you see the casual kiss."

This time, no one dared laugh as he went on. "And there are others. But the kiss that we are after, my dear—the kiss that we are after starts from deep, deep within the heart. The soul beautifies it, desire warms it, and it emerges co-ordinated with the lush longings of the entire being."

He paused impressively. "Observe now. You can almost see the heart beat faster as the facial muscles tense. Bishop, where are you? Stand right in front of me, Bishop. The body poises to spring. Note the mouth has not changed much. But in a sudden, impassioned outburst—the kiss, that!"

With a lunge, Hendon's arms encircled Ronnie's neck, and his lips pressed against Ron's. Ronnie's cheeks turned positively a Chinese-red, and you'd have thought that, for all his bishop's robes, he wanted to kick Raleigh Hendon.

It was awfully late, and it was my car we were going home in. When we got out on the street we saw Andy standing there sulking, and it made me furious.

"Can I go home with you?" he said, and I said "No" right off the bat, and I wish I'd stuck to it, but I didn't.

I don't know why I did it, but as soon as I'd spoken I turned soft and said, "Oh, all right, if you have to—but you're going to sit in front with me if you're coming."

So we all got in, Andy and me in front and Elsa and Ronnie in the back seat, and it was pretty much like a funeral procession when we started off. And I wish it had stayed like that!

"O'Rourke"—that was how Andy started, and I never yet heard any

Triumph

Continued from page 2

start that way that wasn't trying to make trouble. "O'Rourke, I've been watching you," he said, and as soon as I'd heard the first word I reached over and kicked him in the shins—but it didn't do any good.

"Well," Ronnie asked, "what's it about?"

"You know what about," Andy shot back.

Elsa could see something was coming, so she put in a mild "Andy, please."

"So you're on O'Rourke's side, are you?" Andy demanded.

"Andy, I'm tired," Elsa answered. "Turn around and mind your own business."

"Or get out and walk, if you want to pick a fight," I told him.

And he astounded me, because he did actually turn around. He just growled a long "Oh-h-h-h"—and sort of whinnied and jammed his hands down between his knees. For about a minute.

Then he tried the meek stuff, and I hate it.

I'd heard him use it too many times before, and it never lasts over two sentences.

"Elsa, I'm going to ask Hendon to leave that kissing scene out of the show," he said. He said it so softly, so gently, you'd say it was almost pathetic if you didn't know him. Ronnie knew all about him, though.

"Why don't you start writing shows yourself?" Ronnie said. Then he added, "I wouldn't bother about this one though."

"You're pretty smart, aren't you?" Andy began—and I gave him two more kicks and hard ones, too, because he was asking for trouble so insistently it was painful. But you couldn't stop him. "If you kiss Elsa the way you did to-night—"

Ronnie almost climbed over on top of him. "You leave Elsa out of this!" he yelled.

"You watch the way you look at her then, and the way you put your hands—"

Ronnie was quicker than anybody I ever saw. He grabbed Andy by the hair with his right hand and clamped his left hand tightly over Andy's mouth. At the same time I saw something else, too, and that was

Elsa with both her arms around Ronnie as if she was really scared.

Andy couldn't move, and he couldn't say a word, but I thought I'd better play safe, so I pulled over to the kerb imagining how it would have been if they had started a fight in the car.

But they didn't. And you can thank Ronnie. Because instead, he gave Andy's head a yank and looked right into his face, and said, "If you say another word I'll smash your mouth!"

I got brave, too, then, and said, "And I'll help him!" And we meant it. After that it was like a funeral again. At least, in the front seat.

It seemed as though the next day came in about the twinkling of a star. And in another twinkling we were all at the theatre, and the audience was gathering.

And in another the show was on.

And it was wonderful. I had to be near the stars—I mean Ronnie as the bishop, and Elsa as the queen. And I was close to Mr. Hendon almost all of the time, and I could hear every single thing he said.

I'll admit though he drove me a little nuts with his dancing and prancing and playing with the fanny in his breast pocket through the whole show.

There was a prologue, of course, only it was in fancy language, so that actually all you got out of it was a sort of rough idea of what was going to happen.

But after the prologue, the curtain went up and there was the first act right in front of you, and it was a great banquet hall and there were musicians tuning their instruments at the far end of it. And there were guests assembling—and honestly it was lavish, the whole thing.

It would have befitted the finest court that ever was—that ever really was, I mean. And as each new couple arrived they were announced with great ceremony. Like this:

"The Duke and Duchess of Widenor. Lord and Lady Ascot. The Marquis and Marchioness of Stintbury. Lord Deunmond. Lord and Lady Craigmor. Baron Weymouth of Coasterphine. Lord and Lady Hartford."

EVERYBODY chattered for a while until the same voice said again, with such emphasis that you knew someone very important was coming. "His Lordship the Bishop of Axminster."

Well, you've heard people say that a silence fell on something—well what I mean is that a silence really did fall on all the guests and they made way at once so that the bishop could go downstage.

As he proceeded down to the front you could hear whispers running through the audience, like, "Such dignity." "He has a kindly face." "Such graciousness."

Ronnie fell into conversation and became the centre of attention of the stage—and the centre of attention for the audience, too, with his gentle voice and his perfectly glorious humbleness.

He looked such a kind good man, and yet different from most good men because he was very stunning at the same time.

Then suddenly there was a great blare of trumpets. The chattering on the nobles stopped as though a shock had gone through them. Ronnie looked straight in the direction from which the horns had blown. There wasn't a sound left in the whole hall except for people whispering excitedly. "The queen is coming! The queen!"

Some of them got nervous though. I saw Lady Ascot fixing the neckline of her dress and tugging at her shoulder-strap, and the old Marquis of Stintbury'd forgotten to take off his garters before putting on his tights, and first he yanked and snapped at the garters to get them in place, and then pulled at his tights to get the legs back down.

But the trumpets were very close by then, and you should have heard them pierce the air with their clear, royal tones.

Then a herald entered and stood in the archway beyond the marble steps at the back of the great hall and proclaimed in a voice that was round and powerful, "Her Gracious Majesty Marion, Queen of Norland, Empress of Senia, Protector of all the Realm."

Please turn to page 45

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Address _____

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Give a helping hand to a British migrant

All British migrants pay their way

2181/65,110

Page 44

Issued by the Commonwealth Department of Immigration

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 26, 1949

Printed at the Department of Immigration, Canberra, A.C.T.

A BIG gasp went through the audience. I'm sure they had never seen such grace and beauty. You knew before she had said a word that Elsa had won their hearts.

The audience was positively captivated all through that first act. And so was dear little Mr. Hendon. "They're wonderful—they're marvellous!" he exclaimed to any one who came close enough.

Elsa, of course, had one of the star's dressing-rooms, and Mr. Hendon hardly stopped to rap on the door at the end of the act before he opened it slightly and started talking to her.

"My dear, such an exquisite queen!" he sort of bubbled. "You fairly carried me away with your bearing and your understanding acting, though I know the lines by heart! You are no longer an amateur, my dear; you are destined for the stage—positively destined!"

But all of a sudden he seemed to realise that maybe Elsa had a lot to do and he started leaving.

"I must congratulate the bishop," he said. "My dear, I almost envy Asminster. I should fall in love with you myself if I were young enough." Then he went away.

I guess it was the same thing over again in Ronnie's room—except that Mr. Hendon wasn't quite so specific as to when Ronnie would reach stardom.

Of course before he was through he got started on Elsa without realising that it could be that Ronnie, quite aside from being the bishop, might have suddenly gone mellow on her. I guess he gave her such a build-up that Ronnie all at once swung around and broke in, as serious as could be, "She's perfect."

It was when Elsa was leaving the stage after the second act that Mr. Hendon, meeting her as he scampered after a stagehand, said, "You're stately, you're majestic—that's what the audience is saying! One more triumph and you will live with the immortals!" he promised her. "When the bishop bares his heart to you, remember that you are a woman! I must dash on," he puffed, "but I shall be watching you, Marion, I shall be watching you!"

It was at this moment, when Elsa was feeling supremely happy, that Andy stuck his ugly nose around a corner, and shouted, "Hey, wait a minute! Are you going to keep on looking at O'Rourke the way you have all the evening?"

All that Elsa said was: "Andy, I've been dreaming. Don't spoil it."

And he answered, "Oh, nuts! I've got eyes!"

Which was too much for even Elsa.

"Well, if your eyes are as big as your tongue, think of all the trouble you might get into!" she shouted, and ran to her dressing-room, and you could hear the door close with a bang. Andy stood there as if she'd slapped him.

I was passing Elsa's door long ahead of the third-act curtain when she opened it and stood in the doorway as if she didn't know whether to come out or go back in. She'd no sooner seen I was there though than she grabbed my wrist and said, "Come on in and talk to me."

Well, after she'd pulled me through the doorway head first I was glad she'd done it, because it was like going into a lovely flower shop. I mean it smelled so sweet, and there were three gorgeous bouquets of roses.

She just popped in front of her mirror and started tucking in some loose ends of hair and said all nervously, "It's taken so much out of me." Then she added bitterly, "And then there was that Andy."

All the time she was going through a lot of jittery motions with her hands and wiggling around on her stool, and I couldn't tell to save me where her mind was, except that it seemed to be everywhere at once.

Triumph

Continued from page 44

For a moment it was on that third act.

"I don't know whether I can get through it," she said.

What I tried to do was switch the subject, because I'm no good at all at the pep-talk stuff, so I said inanely, "Elsa, these roses, I simply adore them!"

She said excitedly, "So do I!"

So I asked her who the white ones were from, and she whirled around till she was facing me, and the way she did it made even me get all warm and sort of loving inside. And she answered, "Ronnie sent them." So I knew she was completely gone on him.

"I couldn't even finish the show if it weren't for him," she said.

"You've done O.K. so far," I said.

"Because of him," she replied.

When I told her everyone was saying she was even better than Ron, she tried to edge out of it.

"Then it's because he's made me," she said. "I'd have even fainted if it hadn't been for Ron—if his eyes hadn't looked into mine when I looked up at him."

"I guess you must understand one another," I said.

All of a sudden I realised that it must be time for the curtain, and I shot out of her room like a bullet, but something was wrong with the scene-shifting.

Elsa came out and wandered around as if she was dazed, but pretty soon she found a corner behind some props where there wasn't anyone at all, and pulled a chair over and tried to sit. Only she couldn't sit. She'd sit and then stand—and then fidget. And then Ronnie saw her.

I WATCHED out of the corner of my eye, and got a little closer where I could hear what they said.

You'd have thought she'd been lost in the middle of a jungle, and he'd tracked her for hundreds of miles, because when he went up to her he told her, "I've hunted for you everywhere," and he was all breathless and quivery.

Well, I'm not sure if I heard it all, because I was as excited as they were, but I'll swear she said to him, "Ronnie, let's run away!"

And he said, "Elsa!"

"I'm so afraid of this next act," she said, "I can't go through with it!"

I guess that was what finished it, because first he took hold of her hands, and then his arm was around her and he was kissing her.

And he said, "We'll run away together—after the act. We'll go—oh, anywhere. Anywhere where I can hold you and kiss you and—I love you so!" And then it got so goosey I was ashamed I'd sneaked on them, because it was pretty private talk, after all.

Then the final call came. I wondered whether she'd make the stage—she was so sort of groggy. But she did. She reached it and she was even saying her lines. And Ron was there, too, with his soft, clear voice.

The stupid courtiers seemed to take so long with their speeches and their empty-headed talk. Why didn't they rush things and get their prattle over with? You could tell how Elsa felt by just watching her. How she was buoyed when she heard Ronnie talk, and that under the stiff formal lines he had he was sort of singing to her.

Then she looked as if she couldn't even see him—things were foggy. The stage was whirling beneath her feet, and the actors gyrated crazily and she seemed to forget her lines.

Ronnie—Mr. Hendon, I thought, what's she supposed to say? Prompt her somebody. Good heavens, can't someone help? Where should she be? What's it about? What—

Then the fog cleared, and she

seemed to see Ronnie again—as though he'd rushed back to save her.

"God grant I shall merit no reproach. My heart cries out—" Ronnie was pleading with his very soul.

So that's the place? That? Why doesn't the audience do something? I wondered. Why don't they clap? He's got them hypnotised. The way he's got her—and me! There goes his hands. He's reaching for her. His arms! Now she can hold him!

Raleigh Hendon was standing next to me in the wings. He was spellbound. His Queen Marion was unbelievable. He whispered, "Asminster, too! Listen to Asminster!"

And there it was: "God grant I shall merit no reproach. My heart cries out—" And Hendon said in a loud whisper, "Perfect, Asminster, perfect! See his hands. He is reaching for her. She is responding. How beautifully she responds!"

There was a terrific moment. They stood like statues before one another—marble statues that were finer and more beautiful and more perfect than any others in the world. As though they were not sure of one another. And the audience was rigid.

It was that sublime moment when life goes beyond itself and shows you a beauty that's too fine to even dream of.

And then her voice rang out, feverishly and high-strung: "Ronnie!"

Oh, my gosh! It was terrible!

Raleigh Hendon went pale. He yanked his handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his brow, and chuckled the handkerchief in my hand and gasped: "Get some smelling salts—some one get the smelling salts!"

And Elsa was still talking: "Hold me tight, Ron. Hold me tighter!"

That was what the Queen said. And she was kissing Ronnie—like nothing Mr. Hendon could ever have imagined, and poor Mr. Hendon was unconscious, and didn't even see it.

It was ruined, of course. The whole show.

But that wasn't the worst. Leave it to Andy. The dance had been leaning against a flat with his eyes and ears at a little slit, and when he heard Elsa he got so angry he threw a fit and the whole flat fell forward, tearing a great stained-glass window from the set.

Andy rolled on to the stage. And where the stained window had been there were a lot of ladies of the court holding their petticoats waist-high before an electric fan getting cooled off.

The audience was so stunned they didn't even move—until Andy crashed down with the window. And then they howled. "Yippee! More! More!" they screamed. And some whistled and some stamped.

And in the midst of it Ronnie, carrying his completely overcome beloved off the stage, tripped as he reached the exit, so I guess he bore his lover across the threshold accompanied by more cheering than any one else has ever heard.

When I yelled, "Curtain!" because Mr. Hendon was out of the picture, and somebody heard me and dropped the curtain, it crashed like a guillotine, just missing Andy's head.

Well, they'll be home to-morrow. They've been away on their honeymoon the last two weeks.

Andy and I are going to meet them at the train. And after that we're going to let Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke—gee, that sounds funny—be all by themselves and Andy's going to take me to dinner. At least, that's what he said last night, and if he wants to do it, it's perfectly O.K. with me.

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Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Mixture at Home.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress, whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles, gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Orelx Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply this **Orelx** mixture to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Any Number Can Play

THIS Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, which gets off to a flying start, but gradually subsides into a steady plod, at least deals more cheerfully with the subject of gambling than some of its contemporaries.

It is a relief that there are no psychopathic reasons why Clark Gable as Charlie Kyng likes to gamble. As the proprietor of a high-class casino, to him gambling is a profitable business, and he is a respected citizen with a reputation for honesty and fair play that has endeared him to staff and clientele alike.

In fact, Charlie has nothing more bothersome on his mind than the disapproval of his growing son, Paul, played by Darryl Hickman, who feels there is something shameful in his father's profession.

It requires the run of the film, and the combined efforts of Gable, Alexis Smith as his mother, Marjorie Rambeau in a delightful piece as a sporting dowager, and assorted characters to give this trying youth a different appreciation of his Dad and his job and so bring peace to the domestic scene.

Interwoven with the main theme there are a number of separate story threads touching on casino associations which are pleasing.

Audrey Totter and Wendell Corey as the battling in-laws in the Kyng home do very well in unsympathetic roles.

Then there is the late Frank Morgan as a wealthy casino habitue who gives Gable a run for his money; Lewis Stone as a big-time gambler on the skids; Barry Sullivan and Edgar Buchanan as faithful casino workers. Mary Astor as an old flame of Kyng's is excellent in a small part.

In Sydney—St. James.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ *Treasure of Sierra Madre*

WARNER Brothers have made a grim and gripping production of this Mexican gold prospecting drama.

Stripped to its bare bones, the plot on which the story hinges concerns the psychological changes which take place in the dispositions of the three central characters after they discover gold.

"Sierra Madre" brings together three down-at-heel Americans—Humphrey Bogart as Dobbs, an ex-seaman; Walter Huston as Howard, the loquacious, mountain-wise old prospector; and young Tim Holt as Curtin, an ex-cowboy.

A small lottery win by Dobbs sends the party off to hunt for gold in the desolate, bandit-riddled Mexican mountains. It is a gruelling trip, but they survive to find a mine, work it, and divide the dust three ways.

While a certain camaraderie springs up between old Howard and young Curtin, greed makes Dobbs suspicious and belligerent to the point where his inner turmoil reaches murderous frenzy.

That is a meagre outline of the actionful screen play which won for writer-director John Huston an Academy Award, as well as an Oscar for his father, character-actor Walter Huston in the role of Howard, the prospector.

In a film that is outstanding for a number of subtly realistic characterisations, the "meaty" role played by Walter Huston is perhaps his best in a long line of firsts, and Humphrey Bogart, as the despicable Dobbs, is excellent.

In a lesser role, Tim Holt is very good.



ARMS LINKED, Montgomery Clift, who plays a star role in "The Heiress," escorts young Elizabeth Taylor, wearing a glamorous party frock, to the premiere of the film. These young people are currently making a film together at Paramount Studio.

Superb camera work, stark authentic Mexican backgrounds, and the inclusion of colorful local types add to the impact of the production.

In Sydney—Plaza.

★ *The Doolins of Oklahoma*

THIS is a good piece of sagebrush entertainment for those who like fightin' and feudin' Westerns.

According to this story, the Doolin gang began where the Dalton, Younger, and James brothers left off. In fact, Bill Doolin, portrayed with aplomb by experienced Ran-

dolph Scott, was at one time a member of the Dalton gang.

When the double-cross wipes out the Daltons and leaves Doolin with a price on his head, he forms his own sextet of outlaws.

He marries a deacon's pretty daughter, Elaine, and tries hard to get away from his past, but is forced back with the wild bunch until overtaken by the law.

For a change, we see scar-faced George Macready as a leader of the sheriff's men instead of the outlaws, while Noah Beery, jun., is very good as Little Bill, a gang member.

In Sydney—Victory.

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The Bath and Complexion Care
of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars



FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. Millionairess LOLA LEEDS falls in love with Larry, and sends him to Hollywood to play dramatic roles. Producer SAM HILL knows that a film starring Larry in a dramatic role would flop. He hires Monster Boy, the Human Fox, and the Green Ghost to scare Larry.



As I Read The STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): November 23 starts a cycle of mental activity, helping you in the creation of new plans. An excellent week to make changes, travel, or take up some new study or hobby. Choose November 23, 24, and 25 for permanent results.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): A good week to establish your monetary affairs upon a sound basis, also to cement friendships and affairs of the heart. A very steady influence surrounds November 23 and 24; then the time for quick action comes from November 25 to 27.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Your interests are best served by co-operating with others this week. November 23, 24, and 27 are excellent days for new ventures concerning partners or the public. Use tact during November 25, 26, and 28.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Restlessness and a desire for change could start things moving from November 23. However, don't let your imagination run riot during November 25 and 26, or your health and nerves could easily suffer.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Your best days are November 23 to 27, when you may establish happily affairs close to your heart. Lucky for social pleasures, speculation, and entertainment of all kinds. Use caution on November 28.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Some rearrangement in home affairs is pending. There could be action concerning journeys, removals, holidays, or relatives' affairs during November 23, 25, 26, and 27. Be prepared for unexpected visitors.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): This week brings increased energy and the ability to reach desired goals. Consolidate personal plans on November 23 and 24, but wait until November 27 before acting on fresh ideas.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Make the most of November 23, 24, and 27 for vocational and financial affairs; but be alert and avoid risks or extravagance during November 25, 26, and 28. November 29 is quite fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): An important change in your affairs could eventuate from November 23. Put personal effort into new plans and you will achieve progress. November 28 is slightly adverse.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Quiet planning and perseverance can help to establish your future during November 23 and 24. Do not allow petty worries or misunderstandings to mar the rest of week.

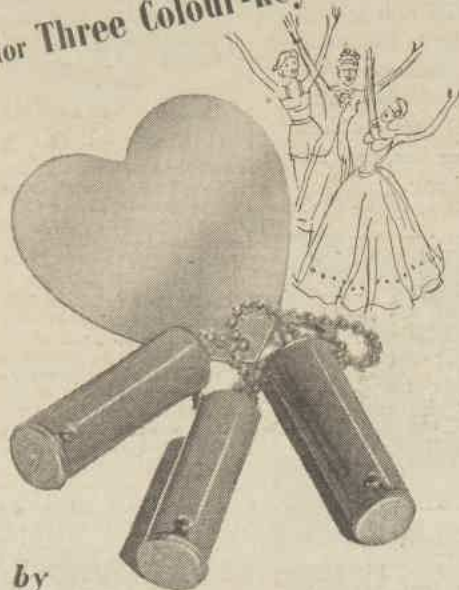
AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): A set of new ideas could impress you this week, especially from November 23 to 27. Your friends and associates play an important part in the scheme of things. November 24 is important.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Position and career activities are important this week and if you plan carefully during November 23 and 24 much real progress can be made. November 27 and 29 can prove very helpful also.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

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by

Helena Rubinstein

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14. A TUBE AT CHEMISTS, STORES AND NEWSAGENTS

Film star does smooth job as producer

By cable from
BILL STRUTTON in London

Robert Montgomery is in England, giving us a glimpse of how a big star turns film executive—American model.

We have seen it happen with Sir Laurence Olivier, John Mills, and Robert Donat, all of whom have made their own films.

NOW, fresh from his home at Bel-Air, in California, Bob Montgomery has installed himself comfortably at Teddington Studios and is already popping off scene after scene of his new film, "Your Witness."

In an atmosphere of calm efficiency, and with a skill that is making some veteran studio technicians there goggle, saucer-eyed, he is getting on with the job.

Many had expected a fussy amateur with grandiose airs and a lot of fancy ideas.

What they got was a quiet man, dressed in sober, well-cut clothes, wearing a plain grey tie, charming, but serious and intent on his job, a total reversal of the flippant Robert Montgomery of the screen, the personality which made him a star.

He is more like the sterner Montgomery dating from "They Were Expendable."

Writes own script

BOB MONTGOMERY, now 46, greying not unattractively at the temples, sits at his large desk littered with documents and scripts, a pair of heavy horn-rimmed spectacles clamped on his brow. He purses his lips thoughtfully, and draws a line with a gold pencil through a patch of dialogue. "That'll have to come out," he mutters.

While his present film is still running down on the floor below, he is already at work planning his next.

The phone buzzes. "Ready-for you now," croaks a voice.

"Right!" He drops his pencil. Down the stairs he goes and on to the set, to take over from his assistant-director.

The film, "Your Witness," is based on Bob's own script. It is a detective story of a somewhat brash American lawyer (himself) who tries to solve a murder mystery in England to save a British wartime pilot. In doing so he provides a lot of incidental fun, battering against the stilted dignities of British court procedures.

Before he started filming, Bob Montgomery studied British criminal courts, and was a regular visitor to the famous Haigh trial at Lewes. He had a special eye for the judge. Result of this is several amusing scenes with an assize judge, played by Felix Aylmer and based, one might suspect, on the shrewd and rather vinegary personality of Mr. Justice Humphreys, who sent Haigh to the gallows.

A little while after the trial the judge, at Montgomery's invitation, came to dinner.

It takes courage for a star to turn director or producer. But for that star, handling new problems and sudden vast responsibilities, including the spending of the hundreds of thousands a picture costs, it takes even greater courage to pick an unknown leading woman—to resist the temptation of hiring a proven box-office draw, and, in



AMERICAN FILM STAR Robert Montgomery, in England as star and director of "Your Witness," takes a stroll at Teddington Studios with his new leading lady, pretty, talented West End actress Patricia Wayne.

stead, to give an unknown girl her chance.

Montgomery has done this. He chose from a long queue of applicants a pretty and talented West End actress, Patricia Wayne.

If you ever go up for a film audition the best I can wish you is to go before someone as gentle and as understanding as Montgomery. He's been through it all himself.

On a hot day recently down at Teddington he spent hour after hour interviewing actors for character roles.

To each one he rose from his seat, shook hands, and apologised for bringing them all the way down to the studio.

"It's awfully nice of you to come. Sorry to bring you all this way. I'm afraid I'm new here—I find I have to see people first before casting."

This diffidence encouraged them. Some really became expansive. They recited the details of their previous roles while Montgomery listened, head a little on one side in a familiar mannerism, smiling that quizzical smile you probably know quite well.

Patient director

BUT as each one took his leave he sat back and wiped the moisture from his hands. "Gee—I hate this part of it!" he said. "I know exactly what they are going through."

And if you get that role, then again the best thing I can wish you is to have someone like Bob Montgomery as your first film director, not only for his patience and the gentleness with which he will ease you into the terrifying mechanics of movie-making, but also for what he will teach you.

I have been listening to Bob's brand-new leading lady.

"He is uneasy at knowing what is going on in a scene, even when he is in it himself and is looking somewhere else," said Patricia Wayne. She is a pretty brunette with a high forehead, neat brows, dark eyes sparkling with enthusiasm and the thrill of her big chance.

"I walked too fast behind him in a scene yesterday—and I thought it wouldn't be noticed. But Bob

knew all about it. We had to do the scene again."

Not only was his war career in the Navy highly distinguished. He has shown brilliant executive talent since becoming president of his own movie company. For a long time Hollywood had been uneasily aware that there was more to this charming, debonair Robert Montgomery than a twinkle in his smile and good taste in clothes.

There is a first-class brain, too. He has shown this in more ways than one, as when he organised film players under the aegis of the Screen Actors' Guild which protected them from some of the heavier-handed movie moguls.

Sometimes his friends catch glimpses of a younger, less shy, gayer Bob Montgomery of the light, prewar film comedies. On the mantelpiece of his suite at Claridge's, for instance, there is a printed card. It says:

"Mr. Montgomery regrets exceedingly his deplorable conduct while a guest at your . . . last evening, and humbly craves your pardon for the breach of etiquette ticked in the adjoining column."

There follows a list of imaginary offences from "Riding to hounds in the bathroom . . . dismissing hostess' servants . . . prolonged absence from the party . . . nausea."

He has never had the courage to use this yet, of course. But it is a private expression of his hatred of parties.

With strangers Bob has a slight nervous stammer. Yet, like many a party-bater, he is a good guest.

A recent London hostess, beset with rationing worries, greeted him with: "I'm sorry there is nothing but fish—only sole!"

Exclaimed Bob Montgomery, his face lighting up, "Why—sole! Gosh—that's a real luxury where I come from."

Right now he is a little forlorn in the evenings and misses his wife, former actress Elizabeth Allen. They have been married twenty years. Elizabeth has flown to Paris on a buying spree.

"She couldn't resist the shops," he grinned. "But while she's away I'm like a snail without a shell."

Follow the Leader



So good . . . so different . . . so *delicious* to drink! No wonder the Mynor Panda has such a devoted following. Mynor points the way to popular parties and gay get-togethers, for who could resist this sun-rich blend of the fresh, pure juices of oranges, lemons, pineapples and passionfruit? Mynor is ever so easy to make: you simply add iced water or sparkling soda. Mynor is economical—one bottle makes a gallon of delicious drink. Mynor, in fact, is sheer pleasure!

MYNOR FRUIT CUP

MYNOR MEANS FRUIT JUICE

ONE BOTTLE MAKES A WHOLE GALLON



Pander to your palate

with these
FESTIVE RECIPES
by
CLARE MITCHELL

ORANGE SNOW

- 1 cup water
- 1½ dessertspoons gelatine
- 2 tablespoons Mynor Orange
- 1 tablespoon Mynor Lemon
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 egg white
- 1½ tablespoons milk
- 1½ tablespoons unsweetened condensed milk

1. Dissolve gelatine in the hot water.
2. Place this in a basin with Mynor Orange and Lemon, sugar and un-beaten egg white.
3. Whisk until white and stiff.
4. Gradually add the two milks, beating well; this will make it whiter.
5. Pile on a glass dish in a rocky heap and serve garnished with marmalade shreds.

ANGEL'S FOOD

- 2 cups milk
- 2 dessertspoons gelatine
- 1 cup hot water
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup Mynor Raspberry

1. Separate whites from yolks of eggs.
2. Heat milk and sugar and pour on to the beaten egg yolks. Return to stove and bring to the boil. This will curdle the custard.
3. Dissolve gelatine in hot water and add to the custard. Mix well. Allow to cool.
4. When cool but not cold, add stiffly beaten egg whites and Mynor fruit juice and pour into a mould to chill.

CREAMY ORANGE ICING

* This may be used for a filling and icing and can be twirled into patterns on the cake. It doesn't have to be smooth—which is always a relief.

- 1 lb. icing sugar
- 1 tablespoon water
- 1 teaspoon margarine or butter
- 2 tablespoons Mynor Orange (approximate)

1. Sift icing sugar.
2. Dissolve butter in water and add to the icing sugar.
3. Gradually add Mynor Orange, beating well with a wood spoon until creamy and fairly thick.
4. Spread on to cake and swirl with a knife into spirals and whorls.

* This mixture must be able to spread, not pour and will set in about ½-hour

MYNOR LEMON

MYNOR ORANGE

MYNOR LIME

MYNOR TOPS

MYNOR RASPBERRY

MYNOR LEMON BARLEY

MYNOR GRAPEFRUIT

MYNOR PINEAPPLE

MYNOR PASITO

* Mynor Pure Fruit Juice Cordials are obtainable throughout the country.

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Choose one
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breeze fresh and flower sweet
for the frock
to look your loveliest in.
Exciting necklines, flattering
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fitting up to W.
The tiny price is
sheer magic.

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There's Real Comfort
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To remove HAIR in only 3 minutes!

Try this quick way to remove superfluous hair. No razors,
no mess. Just apply this dainty white cream—Veet—in
three minutes the hair is gone—no stubble, no shadow,
your skin is soft, smooth and white. New growth is
weakened. Get a tube of Veet today. Successful results
guaranteed or money refunded.

- 1 Apply this dainty cream straight from the tube.
- 2 After three minutes wash it off. Not a trace of hair remains.
- 3 Your skin is left soft and smooth as if no ugly hair ever existed!

**VEET
CREAM**

Supplies now available at
all chemists 2/9 per tube.



1 IMPROMPTU nightclub appearance convinces wife Julie (Evelyn Keyes) that Al Jolson (Larry Parks) regrets retirement. She leaves him. He hurriedly follows after, but cannot locate her in New York.



2 THEATRICAL friends Steve Martin (William Demarest) and Tom Baron (Bill Goodwin) assist Al's smash-hit comeback, which closes when Julie gets divorce.



3 IGNORING war and career, Al travels about. His mother (Tamara Shayne) takes ill and dies before Al reaches home. His father, Cantor Yoelson (Ludwig Donath), quietly regrets his son's way of life.



4 BECOMING first entertainer to sign for overseas tour, Al joins Steve's unit for Aleutians. There he meets Colonel Bryant (Myron McCormick), is given great accord.

JOLSON SINGS AGAIN

COLUMBIA'S technicolor musical is a successor to the film that created a 1946 box-office record, "The Jolson Story."

The film is about Al Jolson's comeback as a top-ranking entertainer, using as background his wartime tours under Special Services, when he sang from the Aleutians to the Caribbean bases.

Larry Parks again impersonates the "Mammy" singer, but the voice on the sound track is Jolson's own. The cast includes Barbara Hale, William Demarest, and Ludwig Donath.



6 REALLY well again, and encouraged by Ellen although Steve expresses fear that he is out of date, Al does Community Chest benefit, singing favorite old songs to an enthralled audience, and is heard by film producer Bryant, the Colonel of Aleutian days.

5 DURING convalescence after collapse, Al is attracted to army nurse Ellen Clark (Barbara Hale). Later on they marry.



7 PLAN for "The Jolson Story," using Al's singing voice, is perfected and at studio Jolson meets Larry Parks.



8 PREVIEW night reveals "The Jolson Story" is one of filmdom's smash hits. Jolson's records hit new sales high, and Al accepts big radio offer at Ellen's urging. The Cantor suggests a second Jolson picture, "Jolson Sings Again."

Choose your Christmas
Gifts from these lovely
Dalon
GIFT CARTONS



Dalon luxury cosmetics in gay Christmas cartons! What better solution could you find to the problem of Christmas-giving. Just one of the Dalon cosmetics in festive dress is the luxurious face powder—always first favourite with women who appreciate French perfume. 5/6

Here's a gift that keeps on saying "Merry Christmas" long after the festive day is done. Dalon Perfumed Cologne—all dressed up in a bright and gay holiday carton. For the girl who likes her own individual perfume, this gift is the perfect solution. 9/6



Dalon

LUXURY COSMETICS

There's a festive look about Dalon this Christmas. We've matched a few of the year-round favourites in gay gift cartons to make it easy for you to play Santa Claus. Take the one above. What better combination could you have than fragrant Dalon Talcum Powder and Liquid Skin Cream? It could easily solve one of your gift problems. 6/3

From one good friend to another. Luxurious Dalon Night and Day Foundation Cream and Face Powder, gaily packaged for Christmas-giving. Watch the celebration when you whisper the news that both cosmetics contain French perfume! Just another reason why you'll be seeing this gift carton under the best-dressed Christmas trees. 7/6

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BY CHEMISTS



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Now in **AUSTRALIA!**

* Associate product in America called "Rayve"



THE LATEST HOME PERMANENT WAVE

Yes! The latest and greatest Home Permanent is here at the same time as its sister product bursts upon the American scene. You can have this top glamour-giver simultaneously with American women in New York . . . Hollywood . . . San Francisco! And you'll be thrilled with the natural-looking waves and curls.

Guaranteed—a beautiful perm at far less than salon cost

A professional permanent wave costs anything up to £3/3/- for a full head. . . Now you can have a ravishing Crest Wave for 17/6 the first perm and 10/- ever after (by buying refills).

Even better, try the Crest PAIR-PLAN. Get together with a friend, buy one Crest Full Kit at 17/6 and one Crest Refill at 10/-, work together, share the cost . . . you'll each get your first Crest perm for only 13/9. And remember! A Crest Wave lasts as long as the most expensive salon perm.

Save time with Crest, so simple, so safe

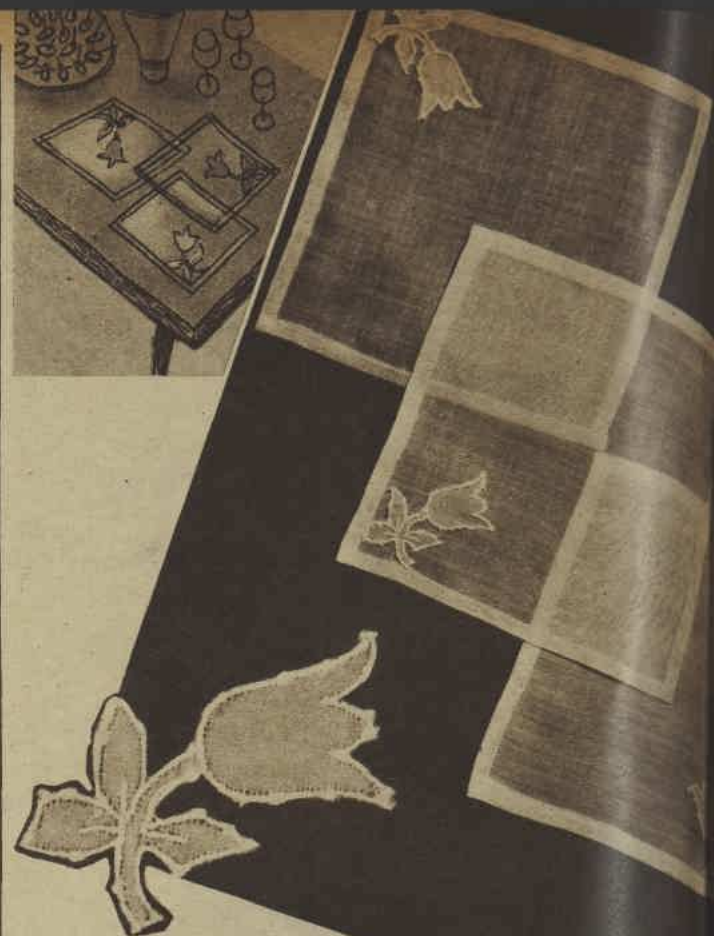
You do it at home with two easy-to-use lotions—the Creme Waving Lotion forms the wave—the Finishing Lotion makes it permanent. There's no heat, no heavy equipment. And while Crest is "taking" you can move about the house as usual. Crest is absolutely safe, too. So gentle that it can be used on children's hair.

FREE! A Full Advisory Service

The "Crest Advisory Bureau" is staffed by experts in all branches of hairdressing. If you have any questions about your hair which may require special advice, please write to:

Anne Travers, Crest Advisory Bureau,
Box 3538, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Crest... MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



THIS is the bell motif which decorates the afternoon-tea or supper-party serviettes pictured right, also the tray-mat and tea-cosy pictured below. Cut out this motif or trace it on to paper and use as pattern.

Little gifts for Christmas

YOU have plenty of time before Christmas to whip up a set of dainty little serviettes or a traycloth and matching tea-cosy in organdie, like those pictured on this page.

They would make such enchanting little gifts.

The tea or supper party serviettes can also serve as place-mats and d'oyleys.

Make them as a harlequin set, each in a different sweet-pea coloring. They need only be tiny, about 9in. squares will make them, so you can get a complete set of eight from two 3yd. lengths of material 36in. wide. Turn in a neat little hem all round each mat, or, if you prefer, you can bind the edges in a contrast; mitre the corners carefully.

Cut out organdie flowers in contrast, and applique one in each corner, or you can decorate the mats with the same design worked in stem-stitch, using one strand of thread.

For traycloth: Cut an organdie oblong 1in. larger all round than the tray for which it is required, and make a neat hem so that it fits. Cut your flowers from a contrast color and applique in each corner.

For the tea-cosy cut two half-moon-shaped pieces, 6in. across the base and curved to 4 1/2in. high in the centre, also two strips each 4in. by 26in. Gather one long edge of the strips and draw up to fit round the curved edges of the shaped pieces.

Gather the other edges to 19in., and join round, leaving on both sides a 3in. opening 2 1/2in. from base for handle and spout of teapot. Bind lower edges and applique flowers each side.

Make a pad from two pieces of wadding cut to the same shape.



THIS DAINTY LITTLE SET for the tea-tray is easily made from crisp organdie or muslin. The bell motif in simple applique is decorative. If you do not like tackling the applique, you could use a pretty floral organdie. Gingham would be smart for a breakfast tray.



A LITTLE TABLE LAMP and matching wastepaper basket make novel gifts for a young girl. Easy-to-follow directions for making them are given on this page.

GIFTS for a teenager

THE cute little lamp and wastepaper basket pictured at left share practical and decorative values.

To make the wastepaper basket you require a large tin, sash cord or rope, glue, and colorful enamel.

Paint the inside of the tin and leave to dry. Taper one end of cord and starting at the base of the tin wind the cord round, gluing it in position as you go. Finish by tapering the end of the cord with thread and stitching it firmly to the last row.

TO MAKE THE LAMP

You'll need a small tin (size of syrup tin), about 6yd. sash cord, a circle of strong cardboard for the base, an inch wider in diameter than the base of the tin; electric fitting; flex; switch; grommet; bulb, and a small shade, and shade clip-on frame; glue; cold-water glue.

Make a hole in the side of the tin near the base large enough to take the flex. Insert flex and a rubber grommet for insulation. Wind the cord round the tin, starting at the top and gluing as you go. When you reach the last row round the base of the tin secure with one or two stitches but don't cut the cord. Glue the tin to the cardboard circle then continue winding and gluing cord down on to cardboard, keeping it flat. Finish by stitching cord end to the neighboring row.

Fix an electric fitting to the flex and secure this to the base of the tin with the cold-water glue, which will set hard in a few minutes.

Fit the flex with a switch, and a power plug. To give a nice rosy glow you could give the electric bulb a coating of rose oil color mixed with a little turpentine. Allow the paint to dry thoroughly before you add the shade and light up.

To help you with your parties

IF you are giving a children's party this Christmas, The Australian Women's Weekly "Cookery for Parties" is the book for you.

It contains several fascinating plans for parties for the little ones. Just see for yourself.

In fact, no matter what kind of party you wish to give, you will find in this wonderful book the most delightful ideas along with menus and recipes.

"Cookery for Parties" can be had from all newsagents and booksellers for 2/-.

Buy one for yourself and give this wonder book to all your friends at Christmas.

FIND the friend who would not welcome a pretty hatbox as a Christmas gift. Buy square or round boxes and cover them with gay magazine pictures or smartly striped wallpaper. Those shown at left were covered with all kinds of pretty pictures cut from magazines, and they are so gay and attractive; inexpensive, too.

GIVE A SMART HATBOX



Cover for basket

A SHOPPING BASKET is a practical gift for a busy housewife. But if you go a little further and cover the basket in pretty blue or green hessian, like the one shown right, it becomes quite a handsome gift.

On the other hand, if your shopping basket has developed any loose ends, cover the danger to dresses and nylons with hessian. It looks decorative with three rows of drawn-thread work slotted with bright braid.

You will need a piece of hessian to fit the outside of basket (this particular basket took 1yd. of 54in. hessian), contrasting braid, to make three rows of drawn-thread work, zipper or hook and eye tape.

Fold the hessian in half lengthwise and draw out six threads along this centre line, then, measuring about an inch away on either side, start drawing out the threads for your other two rows of braid. Fit the hessian round your basket sides, make darts in each corner to get a good fit, hem the rim and base.

Thread the braid with a safety-pin through the drawn-thread rows, picking up two threads and missing



AN ORDINARY SHOPPING BASKET becomes a handsome affair if you cover it in gaily colored hessian like the one shown above.

two. Pull ends through to wrong side and stitch down. Join sides with a zipper, or attach hook and eye tape. If you wish the cover to be a permanent affair, fit the cover around basket, pin firmly, then stitch sides neatly together.



The Duchess of Sutherland reveals beauty secret

Titled English beauty, the Duchess of Sutherland has fine fair skin, amber eyes and medium brown hair with amber lights in it. This titled beauty says: "Before I go out, whenever I want to be sure to look my best, I always 're-style' my complexion with a light, refreshing 1-Minute Mask. I can count on the Pond's Mask to make my skin look softer and brighter in just one minute."

How to apply the 1-Minute Mask

1. Smooth a mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face.
2. Instantly the "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens dried skin flakes. Dissolves them off.
3. After one minute, tissue off and see your radiant new complexion... fresher, softer, lighter!



POND'S VANISHING CREAM

PC9-3

PAIN that kept her in bed . . .

Terrible, dragging spasms so bad she missed a day from work every month.



Discover for yourself the complete, lasting and safe relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little Myzone tablets. When you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness . . . let Myzone's marvellous Acterin (anti-spasm) compound bring you blessed comfort.

★ Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



"It's remarkable how Myzone banishes that languid despondency. It is science's greatest gift to women."

MYZONE

BEAUTY BRUSH

by *Addis*

Here at last is a glamour hairbrush designed really to beautify women's hair and give the user that sense of luxury every woman loves. It brushes deeper than any other hairbrush yet invented . . . gives hair new life, lustre and loveliness, makes even difficult hair easy to manage. This lovely new brush has a Jewelite handle in three colours . . . Ballet Pink, Moonlight Blue or Chartreuse Green . . . The Beauty Brush is designed so that your hair can be brushed the correct way . . . with a rotary movement. The bristles project from the brush in a semi-circle, like the spokes of a wheel. Eight widely spaced rows of tufts spring into action separately . . . individual strands being set to different lengths so that each one acts independently . . . penetrating to the roots of the thickest hair . . . gently massaging the scalp and stimulating the circulation.



JANET BLAIR

Beautiful Titian-headed Columbia Star, has burnished, gleaming locks that are an outstanding feature even among Hollywood's Colony of lovely women. Deeper brushing with the new Beauty Brush will bring the same delightful lustre to your own hair.



Price 21/-.

EVERY BRUSHING IS
A HAIR BEAUTY TREATMENT

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR EVERY OCCASION

Shades of Summer



GAZE
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Tops in Tips!

Technicolour Sandals



Meet the gayest little sandals that ever strode off on a summer's day! They're little show-offs, but so easy-going you forget you have feet. In blonde calf with criss-crosses of vivid colour, white with multi-colours or plain white calf. Half-sizes 2 to 7.

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The Deodorant you can trust
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Stay as sweet as you are with
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"Freckle-face"

When Weather Brings Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles—while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Simply get an ounce of Kintitho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask for the double strength Kintitho, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

SPOTS OF COLOR ...

FOR THOSE who find it difficult to do a smooth, nail-paint job, or whose nails are brittle and inclined to peel or break, a set of artificial nails will give a glamorous look to the hands for special occasions.



● However effective one's make-up is, the day comes when it palls, and seems to be devoid of sparkle.

THAT is the time to use new color, or old color in a different way. In this quick review of eyes, mouth, hands, and hair, we see how a dash of color may be used to enhance their appearance.

Gaily colored spectacle frames can enhance faces of any shape, complexion, or personality, and give added beauty and depth to the eyes, as well.

There is no set color chart, but brunettes and brownettes wear the vivid colors best—scarlet, royal-blue, and kelly-green. For blondes there is rose-pink, warm-green, midnight-blue, and black, and auburn to red-heads look glamorous in most tones of turquoise, amber, and tortoiseshell, while lilac through to violet is most becoming with grey hair.

Watch your lipstick color closely when it is brought into competition with strikingly colored frames, both for tone and brilliance, and if the mouth will stand highlighting use the color generously to make it the important spot of color in the face. A little rouge, well placed, is important to spectacle wearers.

Rouge at its deepest point should be rather low (about the middle) on the cheeks, fading away gradually up towards the eyes and out to the temples.

When the hair has a drab and colorless look, it is a good idea to start pinching the scalp, a routine that is not always as easy as it may sound.

Try it now. Can you do it? Perhaps you cannot lift the scalp at all, if it is tight and thin, instead of flexible and springy, but with perseverance presently the scalp can be taken up in pinches, and when that happens the hair will become stronger, more vigorous and lustrous.

Hair can catch flattering highlights from wise sunning, but at all costs try to avoid sunburning it and the scalp beneath because it calls for lots of time and patience to coax it back into condition.

We all know that brushing is vital to all hair for sheen and that extra color. Thick, wiry hair can take

really vigorous treatment, but for fine or thin locks the same attention, applied with a lighter hand, is advisable.

For hair of frail texture a five-minute massage three or four times a week with a stimulating preparation, rubbing, pinching, and massaging it into the scalp, a few gentle strokes with the hairbrush daily, and a final polish with a silk handkerchief pulled down the length of the strands is more rewarding than a sturdier treatment.

A tinted rinse is another way of giving the head a temporary color lift.

Color applied in rinses may be removed in the next washing, and does not involve the owner in the growing-out pains attached to stronger hair cosmetics.

Tinted rinses are especially good for heads that become unstreaked in patches. Be sure to choose a mild rinse, and use it according to given instructions.

Usually prepared in crystal or tablet form for home use, the preparation is dissolved in warm water and poured through and through the hair until the desired shade is achieved.

Where fairness is the aim, remember that only the illusion of blonding, or a blonde highlight, is possible with a golden-blond color rinse, not a full head of platinum hair.

Select a tint shade warmer than that of the natural hair. The owner of a previously bleached head is always wise to make a test for color on a small area of the most over-bleached area before doing all of it.

A henna rinse (not to be confused with the henna pack which produces more definite color) gives a reddish glow to dark and auburn hair.

The blue range, from light to steel or platinum, is smart for greyheads. Gummets rinses are to give a smooth, shiny tone to mousy locks.

Take care always to protect the skin of face and neck from splashes of rinse, and follow the hair treatment with a tepid, clear-water rinse to remove any excess that would otherwise rub off.

"...it's DEFINITELY
the kind of make-up
that DOES things
for you!"



Evening in Paris

BY BOURJOIS



FACE POWDER — ROUGE — PERFUME — LIPSTICK



The Natural laxative that children love ...

However sweet a child's disposition may be, he or she will occasionally become fretful. That is only natural, but such a condition is quickly set right by California Syrup of Figs. This gentle, efficient, safe laxative, made from the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna, contains no synthetic cathartics or harsh chemicals. Because it is purely vegetable and naturally nice, children make no fuss about taking delicious California Syrup of Figs.

**CALIFORNIA
SYRUP OF FIGS
(CALIFIG)**

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores

COLOUR to give you an appetite
and flavour to satisfy it!



"Kraft Cheese gives you BOTH
in this
flavoursome Sunset Salad"
says **ELIZABETH COOKE**,
Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.



KRAFT CHEESE is a bargain in nutrition!

Kraft Cheese keeps your salads high in food value at low cost for two reasons. 1. Kraft Cheese has no rind—you eat and enjoy every bit without a scrap of waste. 2. There's no other basic food to equal Kraft Cheese for complete high quality protein, for calcium, phosphorus, vitamins A, B2, and D, and for other valuable nutrients of milk. P.S. A tip for the lunch box. Make tasty, nourishing sandwiches with Kraft Cheese and use Kraft Mayonnaise instead of butter.

KRAFT MAYONNAISE
— the soul of a good salad

Kraft Mayonnaise is true mayonnaise. It's made with costly high grade ingredients to an exclusive Kraft recipe. Kraft Mayonnaise is smooth, piquant and completely satisfying.



Get Kraft Mayonnaise in smart reusable 'Swanky-Swig' glasses, or in 12 oz. family-size jars at grocers and delicatessens everywhere

Make a Sunset Salad on the very next hot evening. It's cool good looks conceal a little gold-mine of nourishment—it's enriched with golden Kraft Cheese.

**KRAFT CHEESE tastes better
because it's BLENDED BETTER!**



Available in 8 oz.
and 4 oz. cartons.

*No Rind
No Waste
Always Fresh*

KRAFT SUNSET SALAD

6 ozs. Kraft Cheese; 2 cups tomato juice; 1 dessertspoon gelatine; Kraft Mayonnaise; 2 cups cooked green peas; 1 dessertspoon chopped white onion; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; celery tips; lettuce.

Dissolve gelatine in tomato juice over a low fire. When cool, add lemon juice, onion, Worcestershire sauce and pepper and salt to taste. Pour into a wet ring mould and chill until set. Unmould in centre of a salad plate. Fill centre with Kraft Mayonnaise. Surround mould with peas, sliced Kraft Cheese, celery tips and crisp lettuce leaves. Serves 4.



ILLUSTRATED left is Menu 1, given on this page. An entree of parsnip fluff is served hot, and other dishes—bream fillets with prawn stuffing, asparagus and egg salad, and peach trifle—are served well chilled.

and arrange in bottom of wetted moulds. Add 1 teaspoon mayonnaise to each, allow to set. Add all other ingredients to mayonnaise, mix well. Fill into moulds, chill until set. Unmould on to serving-dish.

ASPARAGUS AND EGG SALAD

Asparagus, hard-boiled eggs, radish roses, endives or lettuce.

Prepare asparagus—scrape each stick, being careful not to break green top. Cut off 1 in. of white end. Wash well, tie into bundles with rubber bands or fine string. To 1 quart boiling water in saucepan add 2 teaspoons salt, 1

teaspoon vinegar, and 1 teaspoon sugar. Stand bundles of asparagus in water, keeping tops above water level. Place lid on, cook 20 to 25 minutes

until tender. Lift carefully from water, remove rubber bands or string, pour small quantity melted margarine or butter over stalks, lightly sprinkle with pepper. Arrange on serving platter with hard-boiled eggs (halved lengthwise and yolks dusted with paprika), radish roses, and endive or lettuce. Chill before serving.

PEACH TRIFLE

One sponge or butter cake (preferably 1 to 2 days old), raspberry jam, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, vanilla essence, 1 cup dissolved raspberry jelly, peach halves, whipped cream or cream substitute sweetened and flavored with vanilla, cherries and chopped nuts to decorate.

Cut sponge or cake into fingers, pack into base of serving dish, spread with raspberry jam. Lightly sprinkle with sherry, cover, allow to stand 3 to 4 hours. Blend cornflour with a little of the milk. Heat balance of milk and sugar, stir in blended cornflour. Bring to boiling point, simmer 3 minutes. Beat egg, stir into custard with vanilla. Allow to cool, pour over sponge or cake in dish. Chill. Prepare raspberry jelly, when beginning to set spoon over custard, chill until set. Arrange peaches on top, decorate with cream or cream substitute, nuts, and cherries. Serve very cold.

MENU 2

Chilled Tomato and Celery Cream Soup
Dundee Beef and Egg Loaf with Salad Vegetables
Potato Salad
Pineapple Meringues
Coffee

CHILLED TOMATO AND CELERY CREAM SOUP

One cup chopped tomatoes, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons bacon fat, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 cups water, 1 small onion, 1 carrot, pinch thyme and pepper, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons flour, chopped parsley.

Simmer celery, salt, and water 1 hour. Melt fat, add tomatoes, minced onion, grated carrot, pepper, thyme, and sugar. Cover and cook 5 minutes, add celery and water in which celery simmered.

Continued on page 58

BREAM FILLETS WITH PRAWN STUFFING

Eight bream (or whiting) fillets, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, strips parboiled red pepper, extra whole prawns to garnish.

Stuffing: 1 cup shelled prawns, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 cup medium thickness white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper.

Wash and trim fillets, drain, wipe dry. Combine filling ingredients, mix well. Coat fish fillets with lemon juice, lay flat on piece of kitchen paper. Place 2 tablespoons filling on each fillet, roll up and secure with cocktail sticks or fine string. Place in greased baking-dish, cover with greased kitchen paper. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes until fish is cooked but not broken. Allow to cool, chill. Remove cocktail sticks or string, top each with strip of parboiled red pepper. Serve on bed of lettuce with jellyed tartare sauce, cucumber, tomato and lemon slices, celery curls, and whole prawns.

JELLYED TARTARE SAUCE

One and a half cups mayonnaise, 3 dessertspoons gelatine softened in 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons chopped pickled gherkin, 1 dessertspoon capers, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Dissolve gelatine over boiling water, stir into mayonnaise. Cut triangles of parboiled red pepper

SUMMER MENUS

● Make your summer menus a signpost for enjoyable meals.

★
By Our Food
and Cookery
Experts
★

CRISP salads and cold desserts are most welcome, but one hot dish in the meal is stimulating too. Make the hot dish an entree or sweet, and preferably not the main meat dish or a soup, as these are usually more heat-producing.

An all fruit and vegetable diet is not wise for the average person. Protein foods such as meat, eggs, cheese, and fish should be included in the meal.

When appetites are jaded, special attention should be given to the garnishes. Attractive garnishes are not superfluous, but essential to add color and interest to the meal.

Menus suggested on this page will give you a lead in planning meals which are tempting, appetising, and chock full of nourishment.

MENU 1 (Pictured above)

Parsnip Fluff
Bream Fillets with Prawn Stuffing
and Jellyed Tartare Sauce
Asparagus and Egg Salad
Peach Trifle Iced Coffee

PARSNIP FLUFF

Two pounds parsnips, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup liquor from parsnips, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 2oz. grated cheese, bacon rashers, extra 1 cup grated cheese for topping.

Scrape parsnips, cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, reserving 1 cup liquor. Cut strips of parsnip for garnishing, mash balance. Melt margarine, add flour, salt, and pepper. Stir until smooth, cook 1 to 2 minutes. Add parsnip liquor and milk, stir and cook until sauce boils and thickens. Add egg-yolk, mashed parsnips and cheese, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Turn into greased ovenproof dish. Remove rind from bacon rashers, arrange on top of parsnip fluff. Arrange parsnip strips on top, sprinkle with extra 1 cup grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes, until bacon is cooked and cheese melted. Serve at once.

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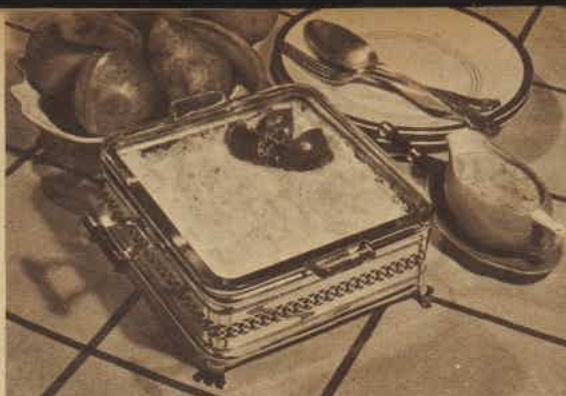
In fact Acme have been making wringers since long before you were born. They've been at it for seventy years! So with each Acme made goes all the accumulated skill, knowledge, invention, research and improvement that only years of experience can give. This is what gives you real results — Acme results! And 4 million Acmes sold already speak for that fact.

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SAVORY FISH WITH MUSTARD SAUCE is a wholesome and appetising luncheon or dinner dish. A cheese and meringue topping makes this fish and tomato casserole interesting and unusual. Recipe wins first prize in this week's contest.

£5 prize for fish dish

AN appetising fish casserole topped with savory meringue, served with mustard sauce, wins first prize this week in our popular recipe contest.

Fresh or tinned fish may be substituted for smoked fish suggested in the recipe, and cooked diced celery or chopped hard-boiled egg may be added to the fish for extra flavor.

SAVORY FISH WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

One pound smoked fish, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, 1 lb. tomatoes, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, extra salt, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 egg-white, tomato wedges and parsley to garnish.

Remove skin and any bones from fish, cut into service-sized pieces. Wash in warm water, dry. Place in dish with vinegar, leave 2 hours, turning fish occasionally. Line casserole-dish with tomato slices, sprinkle with sugar, salt, and pepper. Peel and chop onion finely, spread over tomatoes. Arrange fish pieces in dish, season with salt, cover with balance of tomatoes. Combine breadcrumbs and 1 tablespoon of cheese, spread over tomatoes, dot with margarine or butter. Place lid on casserole, stand in dish of hot water, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until tomatoes and fish are tender (25 to 30 minutes). Beat egg-white until stiff with pinch of salt, spread roughly over crumbs sprinkled lightly

with balance of grated cheese, return to very moderate oven until meringue is lightly browned. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley, serve hot with mustard sauce.

Mustard Sauce: One tablespoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 dessertspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons thinly sliced pickles.

Mix vinegar, mustard, flour, sugar, and salt until smooth. Beat egg-yolk, add water, stir into mustard mixture. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Simmer 1 to 2 minutes, fold in pickles and melted margarine or butter. Reheat before serving.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. G. Melville, 43 Boyne St., North Coburg, Vic.

COFFEE AND RUM CHERRY CAKE

Three ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped glace cherries, 1 tablespoon strong coffee, 1 teaspoon rum, 4 tablespoons milk.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add beaten eggs gradually, mixing well. Fold in cherries, then sifted flour alternately with milk. Lastly fold in rum and coffee. Fill into greased ring-tin or bin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler; when cold ice with coffee and rum flavored butter icing and decorate with cherries and angelica.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. H. Peachey, Kent St., Gladstone, Qld.

SUMMER MENUS Continued from page 57

COOK a further $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Rub through a strainer. Add milk and flour blended to a smooth paste. Stir until it comes to the boil. Chill thoroughly, top with chopped parsley, and serve with Melba toast.

DUNDEE BEEF AND EGG LOAF

Half pound minced steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage-meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced bacon, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, good pinch herbs, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 beaten egg, 3 or 4 hard-boiled eggs, browned bread-crumbs.

Grease loaf-tin approx. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. with margarine or fat, coat with browned breadcrumbs. Combine meat, bacon, salt, pepper, herbs, parsley, lemon rind, onion, and breadcrumbs; mix well with metal spoon. (Wooden spoons absorb flavor of onion.) Beat egg, fold into meat mixture adding a little milk if necessary. Turn on to floured board, divide into two portions. Shape one half into oblong roll with floured fingers. Make an impression in centre large enough to hold 4 hard-boiled eggs. Trim ends of eggs mak-

ing them fit together, place along centre of roll. Moisten edges of roll, mould balance of mixture over eggs. Pack roll into prepared tin, top lightly with browned crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Cool slightly in tin, remove carefully and chill. Serve with crisp salad vegetables and potato salad.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUES

One pineapple, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 8 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond essence, 2 tablespoons desiccated coconut, chopped nuts and cherries.

Peel and cut pineapple into slices. Arrange on greased oven-slide. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt. Add sugar gradually and beat until thick. Add almond essence. Fold in coconut. Pile meringue on top of pineapple slices. Scoop out hollow in centre of each. Bake in slow oven (300deg. F. gas, 350deg. F. electric) $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. When cooked and cooled, fill centres with chopped nuts and cherries. Arrange on serving plate, garnish with cubes of pineapple. Serve with chilled custard made from egg-yolks.

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Fish Paste Canapes (illustrated). Cut circles or other shapes from white bread. Fry in oil, butter or margarine. Blend any Kraft Fish Paste with a little finely chopped garlic, parsley and cayenne. Spread on fried rounds or crackers and serve cold.

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SITTING-ROOM in the Adelaide home of Dr. and Mrs. C. V. Hallett. A cocktail cabinet, the upper compartment of which is lined with sparkling mirrors, is shown in picture at right. Color scheme is in tan and white. The lounge suite is of white pigskin, wall-to-wall carpet tan, with large white rug before the hearth. Curtains are patterned in tan and white.



Old-fashioned villa is modernised



GLIMPSE of the evergreen South Parklands through one of the sitting-room windows at "Starlings" lends an additional air of charm to the home.



VIEW of modern kitchen, showing attractive breakfast nook. Cushioned seats are crimson and cream; so are the containers. Venetian blinds at the spacious windows.

Common skin rashes in infancy

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

BABY'S skin can be very easily irritated in hot weather if wool is worn next to the skin or the infant is overclothed, or is overfed or wrongly fed.

Moist heat may bring on a rash—prickly heat—which is a frequent cause of a fretful and restless baby.

Scalded buttocks can be caused by digestive upsets, and attacks of hives are more likely to occur in summer.

A leaflet giving the causes and simple treatment for common rashes in infancy can be obtained by writing to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. A stamped self-addressed envelope should be enclosed with the request.



ATTRACTIVE CORNER of upstairs dining-room at "Starlings," which opens on to a sunporch. Highly polished cedar and floral linen covers make delightful contrasts. Colored furniture and striped awning adorn sunporch.

Flower arrangements at International Art Treasures Exhibition



GRACEFUL. Silver bowl in the Italian room at recent International Art Treasures Exhibition is heaped with mixed flowers in a tumbling arrangement. Sprays of honeysuckle fell on to table, breaking formality of roses. Graceful flower-piece like this would suit large hallway.



LUSH. Paul Jones arranged this urn of flowers in the style of an old Dutch master. Against a background of royal-blue velvet, lush garden beauties in deep, rich colors are thrown into contrast with white and pastel tonings.



DISTINCTION comes from the tall, round column on the front porch. The white door has touch of blue in its lamp; door-knocker and wicker chair are also blue. It is traditional at "Starlings" to have massed petunias bordering the neat cement sidewalks, offset by clipped lawns.



ONE of the main entrances to Dr. and Mrs. Hallett's home.

"STARLINGS," the attractive two-storied home of Dr. and Mrs. C. V. Hallett, glimpses of which are shown on these pages, was once one of a pair of old-fashioned villas in South Terrace, Adelaide.

Erected at the turn of the century, these villas were soundly built, so that the addition of an upper story to "Starlings," as well as the enlarging of rooms by knocking down inner walls, was structurally possible.

With its stuccoed walls and straight, clean lines "Starlings" is now right up to modern standards.

Well-kept lawns girded by flower beds and cement paths lead to either of two front doors, one of which has a bright bluebird knocker, blue wall-lamp and matching wicker chair.

A feature of the home is the bath-room, tiled throughout in mulberry tones and complete with shower alcove, built-in bath, and large wall-mirror on hinges which swings away from the wall to reveal a cute cosmetic hideout.

The color scheme of the sitting-room is an unusual combination of white and rust. The comfortable three-piece suite is covered in white pigskin. On the tan wall-to-wall carpet is a large white rug. The curtains are tan and cream.

Touches of crimson highlight the cream kitchen, with its charming "snatch meal" corner for two. A white wall vase holds scarlet geraniums; cream food containers are spotted in crimson.



SIMPLE. This vase, set between heavy silver candlesticks in the English room, was arranged by Eric Langker. Soft trails of ivy are used, together with roses, hydrangeas, and other lovely blooms in this balanced arrangement.



STRIKING. Against a silk tapestry in the Chinese room, these purple and blue irises stand in a flat, jade-colored bowl. Only perfect blooms are used and arranged in their natural state in a spiked flower-holder, hidden by tiny stones. A simple arrangement like this could be copied by anyone.

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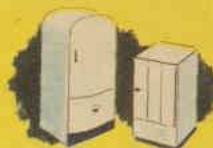
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Nos. 220, 221 — SUN-SUITS
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Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs., sun-suit 4/11, sou'wester 3/9, complete set 8/3. Length 19in., 3yrs., sun-suit 5/3, sou'wester 3/11, complete set 8/9. Length 20in., 4yrs., sun-suit 5/11, sou'wester 4/3, complete set 9/9. Length 23in., 5-6yrs., sun-suit 6/11, sou'wester 4/9, complete set 11/3.

Postage: Length 18in., sun-suit 4/11, extra, sou'wester 3/9, extra, complete set 10/4d. (regd.) extra. Length 19in., sun-suit 5/3, extra, sou'wester 3/11, extra, complete set 10/4d. (regd.) extra. Length 20in., sun-suit 5/11, extra, sou'wester 4/3, extra, complete set 11/3 (regd.) extra. Length 23in., sun-suit 6/11, extra, sou'wester 4/9, extra, complete set 12/3 (regd.) extra.

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Frills on the shoulder straps make this a pretty pinafore frock. It is cut out ready to sew in a French gingham with tiny checks of blue, red, and white; green, blue, and white; green, blue, red, and white.

Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs., 6/11. Postage, 6/4d. extra. Length 19in., 3yrs., 7/9. Regd. postage, 1/3 extra. Length 20in., 4yrs., 8/11. Regd. postage, 1/3 extra. Length 23in., 5-6yrs., 9/3. Regd. postage, 1/3 extra.

Nos. 223, 224 — SKIRTS
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No. 225 — BABY'S PILLOW CASE
Traced ready for you to embroider and make up yourself, this dainty pillow case, measuring 11 x 17in., is in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green organdie or pastel green, pink, lemon, and blue fine cotton. Price, 4/11. Postage, 6/4d. extra.

No. 226 — CHECK CLOTH
This attractive green check cambric cloth, measuring 45 x 45in., is supplied with applique pieces traced for you to embroider. Finish the edge with a narrow hem or crochet edge. Price, 6/11. Regd. postage, 1/3 extra.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F5767. — Attractive one-piece with floor or street length skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material for design with floor-length skirt and 5yds. 36in. material for design with street-length skirt. Price, 2/4.

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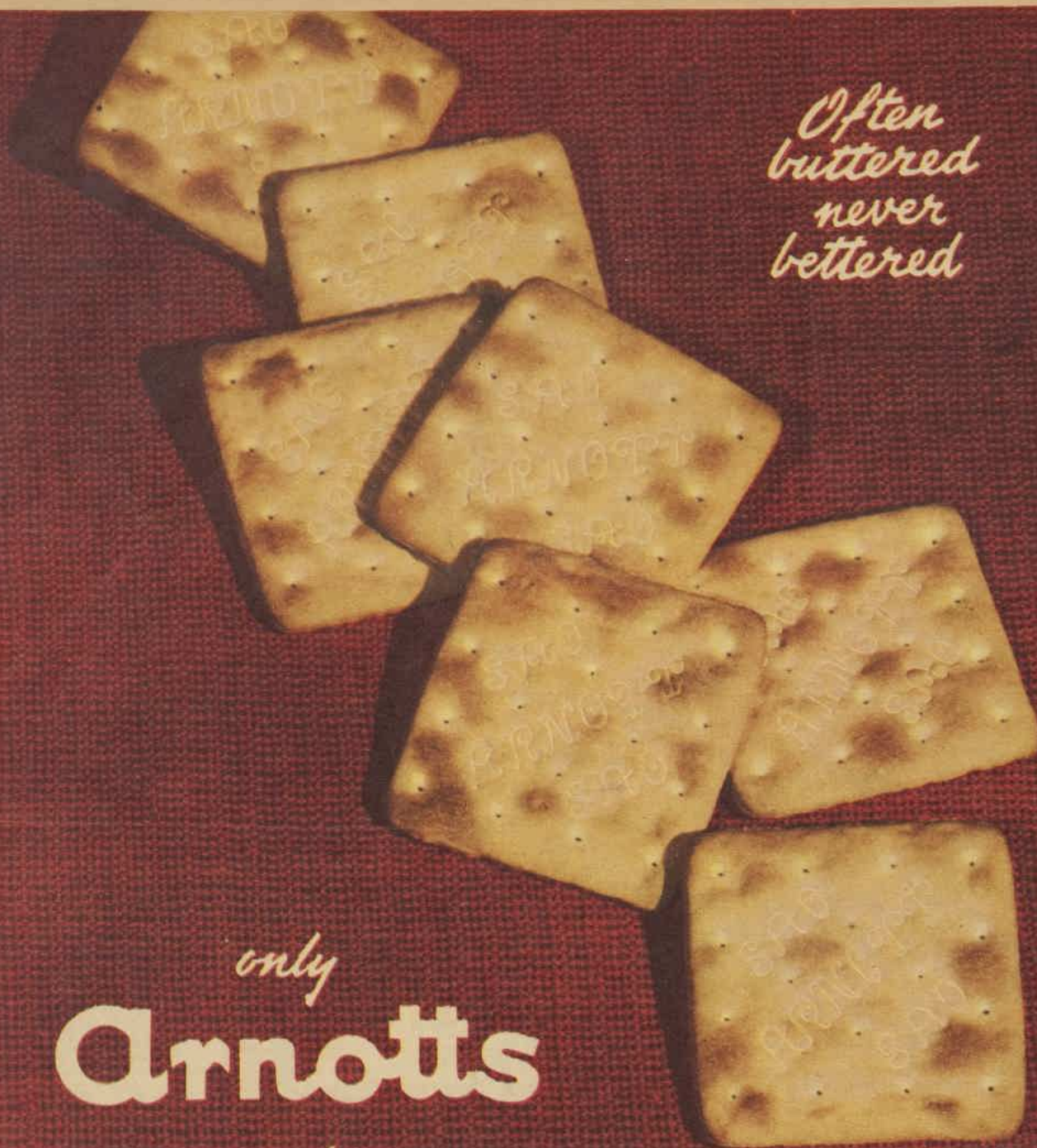
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Sao (REGD.®) **Biscuits**

* The name "SAO," registered by William Arnott Pty. Ltd. in 1906, is now a household word for crisp cracker biscuits throughout Australia and beyond.
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